

Music & Letters

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Edited by

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

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Music and Letters

APRIL, 1932.

VOLUME XIII

No. 2

OPERA AND THE MUSICIAN

THIS magazine presents herewith its fiftieth number. It is pleased at being the first musical quarterly in this country to attain that age. It has not paid dividends nor owed debts. It proposes, if it can keep out of these, to become a septuagenarian. Its health is good: it has even, as you see in this number, put on flesh. It has met with much friendliness, and hopes it has profited by some perfectly fair criticism: it looks for more of both.

This particular number might have concerned itself exclusively with the bicentenary of Haydn. Some may think we have had enough lately of such collections, and be relieved that it has not done so: and if others regret the omission they may like to be told that the current number of the *American Musical Quarterly* does full justice to the occasion, and that the *British Musician* is distinctly readable on the subject. Miss M. Scott makes her curtsy here, however, to his fame with an article for which the material was to be gathered only in this country; and with that we turn to a more pressing matter. Opera has been a pressing matter with us for at least a century, as 'Choragus' told us in the January number. He now draws his conclusions from history, and Mr. R. P. P. Rowe, treasurer of the Sadler's Wells fund, further documents the facts.

One has heard something lately of the straits into which music-makers as a body have come. Whether their plight is worse than that of other professions there is no means of telling, but there is no doubt that it is a sad one, and that we are all very sorry for it. Some facts for the last five years have been given me by a concert agent. His lists show the engagements offered by four orchestras and thirteen chamber music organisations to solo singers and players. Of the singers it is enough to say that song continues on the whole to be a native monopoly; a few places like Chelsea, Oxford and Huddersfield show a desire to have foreign songs sung by a foreigner, but that does

not seriously disturb the average, which is 96 per cent. in orchestral and 87 per cent. in chamber music of native singers; and there is a diminution in the total employment for the last three years.

With instrumental players the proportion is different. They have been employed as follows:—

<i>Instrumental Players</i>						
					1927	1928
					1929	1930
					1931	
<i>Four Orchestras</i>						
Native..	15	16
Foreign	15	15
<i>Thirteen Chamber Music</i>						
Native..	37	29
Foreign	15	15

Native-to-foreign starts at one-to-one and ends up at two-to-three in orchestras, and starts at five-to-two and ends up at four-to-three in chamber music. The data seem to show that the foreign contingent has remained about stationary, but that the concerts have diminished and therefore the native contingent has fallen, at any rate in chamber music.

There is no reason to suppose that this is not a true sample of what is happening all over the country. If that is so, the step taken by the Ministry of Labour of excluding some of the foreign musicians does not seem to be the real answer: it is, in fact, negative at the best. We are told that only five per cent. of those foreigners who apply are excluded; if so, the discrimination is too large not to offend our neighbours, and too small to relieve our distress. The names of the discriminators ought to be published. We are told that the plan is temporary, though no limit is suggested. It forbids something; but most of the improvement the world has known has come from bidding—from running towards a goal, not merely away from danger. Is there such a goal for music? Could opera be such a goal?

Now there is one class, not only here but everywhere, which, as a class, is out of sympathy with, or thinks poorly of, or positively dislikes opera. They are the out and out musicians; and they feel towards it as the pure mathematicians and pure scholars do to those who exploit their knowledge for popular purposes, in novels or in mechanical inventions. I should like to plead with them for a moment.

When music started on this earth it was inseparable from song. That was not only because instruments were imperfect and skill on them scanty, but because tones were not yet conceived of as anything

but a way of heightening the meaning of words. By slow and subtle changes through the centuries tones have divorced words; composer and performer have specialised, and no longer take the whole of music to be their province; the twentieth century, which adds the wordless singer to the symphony merely as one additional instrument, has pronounced the judgment of the court, that the pioneers of music have no further need of the singer, and the true singer is becoming rare; if nothing is done to encourage him, he will eventually disappear. Opera would be to him a real encouragement.

Have we not gradually become aware during the present century of a separation between the pioneers and the settlers of music? We talk of 'highbrow' and 'lowbrow' as if they were the inevitable fact. Shakespeare knew no such distinction. He spoke of a man having music 'in himself,' or not having it, as if there were only one kind of music to have. But now, in our 'modern' music, composers seem often to wander away from 'the passions of men,' which are their true business, and instead of speaking from the heart to other hearts to be calculating light-years or investigating snail's eyes. And on the other side is the music of commerce, the soaps and matches of art, the feeble flicker of flame with which half-musical people ape the blaze of the true faith, the unfelt, unwanted inanities that are allowed to parade our streets and penetrate our houses; or again, all the mechanised music, utterly uncreative, which has come to replace the Victorian photograph album of 'places I have been to,' as a mild incentive to or substitute for aimless conversation.

The science is good in itself, and so is the commerce; there is plenty to be said in defence of both. It is the gulf that is fixed between them that is bad. 'Low' and 'high' do not know, and have increasingly less hope of knowing, each other: they do not talk a common language. That way lies decadence, as A. J. Balfour told us in his Sidgwick Memorial Lecture, 1908. After examining the decline of Rome and reciting, and rejecting, the causes usually given for it, he asks, 'What grounds are there for supposing that we can escape the fate to which other races have had to submit?' He answers that 'a social force has come into being which must favourably modify [how serenely careful that is!] the hindrances to progress, namely, the modern alliance between pure science and industry.' He pictures England as saving herself, and perhaps Europe, by that kind of stable harmonious life that brings people together through their shunning the falsehood of extremes. Domiciled opera would bring with it such a stable life in music.

The gulf between a tuneless or, what is as bad, a 'tuney' world and uncompromisingly absolute music is occasionally bridged by a

'Rio Grande' or a symphony of Roger Sessions. But such architectural feats are spasmodic, and are apt to be to the highbrow a mere *pont d'Avignon* and to the lowbrow at least a Bridge of Sighs: they do not solve any traffic problem. The 'Rosary' with its sale of a million odd copies and the 'Five Orchestral Pieces' which, after all these years, is bought only by the few for laboratory purposes, still stand scowling at each other on opposite banks of the river of music.

Time has brought, then, a double division in music—into vocal and instrumental, and into scientific and empirical. Time alone will heal these differences. It is not to be done in a day. What is needed is the considered encouragement of *applied* music. We have the background and the foreground of the picture, but the middle distance is not filled in. We lack a centre of attraction that shall focus both. Only two such focal points are known to history—the Church and the opera.

We know well in what sense our own music has centred round the Church. Generations of organists and choir-schools have established the firm tradition in which we live, and which recent years have done something to consolidate; and if, by some revulsion of feeling or other cause, all this were swept away, it is not hard to see how music would dry up at the source. The Church needed a constant supply of music for its own purposes, and in securing that it placed in every village at least one person, and in every town many, who were officially responsible for its promotion, in addition to a great host besides who voluntarily made that cause their own. It was not that they were great composers or executants, but that by doing the thing year in year out they made the atmosphere in which music could grow.

It is harder for us to see that opera would do the same, because we have never had it. No one alive has ever seen opera given by Englishmen as they could and would do it if they seriously tried. Nor is anyone alive likely to see it in maturity, because, starting almost from nothing as we do, it will take a long time to build up. The Covent Garden Company seemed to think last autumn that it would ~~be~~ English opera if they merely spoke English words with English lips. A complete fiasco soon showed them that there is more to it than that. Style was lacking: and if 'style is the man,' a national style is the people. Style is tradition, in fact, and tradition is the growth of years. The question then, Do we want opera? becomes the question, Do we want to create a tradition? If we say yes to that, we must understand that we are building chiefly for posterity and partly for our own fame in history—to be spoken of, three cen-

turies hence, as the Windsors, just as the madrigalists and playwrights of a former age are called the Tudors.

Tradition *can* be created; indeed, it is possible that wireless and machine-made music have already done something, and will do more, to create this one. For, whatever degree of success we consider their achievement to have attained, no one will deny that it is divested of personality. A few strong minds may take this to be an advantage—the music can then be heard purely on its own merits. But for a majority of human beings music means very little without a person behind it. When this majority has heard the whole of the classics and as much of the moderns as they think fit, without any one of these having once got down upon their feelings in the way that they do in the concert room or from actually playing them, they will begin to wonder what it is that has been left out. When they find what that is, there may well be a wave of feeling which will demand personality at all costs. That they will find in opera.

Tradition is something epic, a father-to-son business. It has never yet grown except in a home, a place where you can count on finding people when you want them, a place where they can see how you do it, and you how they. Be it castle or cottage, there is no place like it. Opera needs a home. The French built a home for opera first, and then the school to foster the right tradition to fill it. But they are a logical people; we only 'make things do.' That being our custom, it is fortunate that we have the ideal place ready to hand. Opera at the Vic is eighteen years old, but the desire there for opera is half a century old. In the 'eighties they took to music and operatic selections interspersed with tableaux, because the licensing law would not allow them more. The war, which propounded so many conundrums, solved this one, and in 1914 complete operas and Shakespeare plays were first put on. Behind that fifty years is another sixty, during which the Vic made its position as the natural place for entertainment in that neighbourhood and created a theatre-going public. This gave it prestige when the time came for opera; and the fact that it in this way began at the beginning, taking nothing for granted, makes it now the one place in which there is a hope, one day, of having opera on equal terms with foreign State-supported operas.

When, on a former occasion and elsewhere, I wrote something of this kind, I was taken to task for denying that opera at the old Vic *was* opera. I did not do so, nor do I now. It is quite astonishing what they have done in the time, beginning at scratch. Not only that, but the performances there give me, certainly, a pleasure I have never had at Covent Garden; and I think I am not alone in that. It is no

exaggeration to say that at the Vic-Wells, while the details, at present, are rough, the spirit of the whole thing is admirable, whereas at Covent Garden, latterly, the details have often, especially as regards the music, been managed with care, but the spirit is all wrong; it is a show, given by a rich man, paid for as a luxury by those who can afford it, employing instrumentalists who take no personal pride in it and foreign singers to whom it is a convenient milch-cow. It is said, and truly, that our singers are not equal to the task. But I maintain that we have never yet seen and heard what English singers and actors can do, because we have never yet provided the necessary conditions.

Those conditions are a properly subsidised establishment in a permanent home. There are those who think that opera ought to pay for itself: they may see what the probability of that is if, assuming a full house, they subtract the box office receipts (deducting the Entertainment tax) from the total expenses (deducting a valuation for plant) of one performance. At the Vic opera could not be given at all now, if there were not singers who either give their services (occasionally) or come for small fees (frequently). When, in another year, Sadler's Wells is in full swing, things will be better, but the question of an adequate orchestra must wait till there is adequate support. The out and out musician who winces at this must just shut his orchestral ears for the moment, as he leaves his patriotic feelings in the cloakroom at Covent Garden.

A great point of opera at the Vic-Wells is that it is sung by the English in English. But there are those who say quite frankly, not only that they want music sung in the language to which it was set, but that they are glad when it is in Russian, because, as they do not understand a single word, they are not then annoyed by the rubbish that librettos usually are. The latter had better work out their argument logically, and point out to Vaughan Williams that he made a mistake in using Shakespeare for 'Sir John in Love,' and that he ought to have borrowed Schlegel's translation. For the former, Covent Garden (that is, Sir Augustus Henry Glossop Harris, in 1888) got over the difficulty by making everyone sing in the language of the opera, and charging the appropriate prices. But we are thinking of English singers and what are euphemistically called 'popular' (meaning, possible) prices. Let us take the case, then, of an Englishman in the audience listening to an Englishman on the stage. Out of ten words from the average singer he will actually hear in Russian none, in German one, in French three, in English five. His French three will possibly help him to a fourth or fifth; his English five will give him a fair idea of the whole ten. This means, roughly, that with

English he will be 'there,' with a foreign tongue only at intervals, if at all. Also he will not lay his hand on his heart and declare that he would rather hear an Englishman manhandling French than singing English and suiting the action to the word.

At the sound of the word 'opera' a good many are repelled because they think at once of 'Faust' and 'Aida' only. Yes, these will be played for a long time yet, for two good reasons: there is always a new generation that has never seen them, and no company can get together except upon a reasonable supply of old staggers. And there are others who are convinced that opera is a thing of the past, with little present and no future. No, the form and conventions will change: they *have* changed since Wagner, who seemed to have said the last word; 'Wozzeck' and 'Pelléas' are quite different from any predecessor. Then there is the miming ballet, which the Vic audience evidently like. The masque, so immensely popular in James I's reign, has come back in 'Job.' 'Julius Cæsar' last year and 'Samson' at Cambridge this year hint at another line.

The plain fact is that if we can only keep this eighteen-year continuity going, we have a better chance of having native opera in another ten or twenty years than has presented itself in our three centuries of sporadic effort. If we let it drop, we shall deserve to be called 'the land without music.' Pay off their £30,000 debt (incurred for building, not by mismanagement) and give them £3,000 a year to carry on with. Don't ask Government for a subsidy: (1) they won't give it, (2) you saw how such a subsidy was actually spent, (3) to accept a subsidy is to surrender independence. Do it yourselves, and from conviction, rich and poor together, just as Cecil Sharp House was built by those who believed in folk-dance. The nation at large does not care 'that' for opera, or indeed for any musical question; it considers the whole thing beside the mark. Possibly the majority is right; but it is a minority that, when it has meant business, has won the day from Agincourt onwards. We shall never have opera unless the musicians of England come to believe in it enough to make a sacrifice for it. But then we shall.

THE EDITOR.

HAYDN : RELICS AND REMINISCENCES IN ENGLAND

AUTOGRAPH AND MANUSCRIPT SCORES

One of the loveliest works Haydn ever wrote lies in the British Museum. It is the penultimate symphony of the Salomon set—known under the ugly name of 'Paukenwirbel,' but music so dignified, bold, and sweet that I suspect Beethoven remembered it when he wrote his Fourth Symphony. The autograph looks as distinguished as it is. Written on twelve stave oblong paper, the script is swift and clear, all bar lines done without a ruler, and the old 'lay-out' and terms employed for the scoring. At the head stands the invocation Haydn habitually used, 'In Nomine Domini.' At the side is his signature, 'di me giuseppe Haydn,' with the little 'g' for his Christian name and the capital 'H' and flourish after his surname that are so typical of his personal modesty and professional dignity. The date and place are in abbreviated form, '795 Lo,' the first contraction being common with him (I have seen it in his autographs of 1771), but 'Lo' for London is unusual. Maybe this symphony was one of those he left with 'a lady' on his return to Vienna, but eleven years later the MS. was in Vienna. For beneath the firm 1795 signature Haydn has written the words, in a larger, thinner, down-hill script that is piteous to see, 'Padre del Celebre Cherubini ai 27mo di Febry : 806.' Julian Marshall, who bought the score from Cherubini's grandson, added some interesting notes on the fly-leaf of the modern binding. 'I was told,' he says, 'by M. Vaucorbeil, a pupil of Cherubini, . . . that Cherubini had an intense love and veneration for Haydn, whom he saw when he visited Vienna in 1806. It was on that occasion that he received the gift of this score from the composer. . . . This happened the day before the first performance of *Faniska* at Vienna,' and then Julian Marshall points out the singular fact that the first pages of the minuet and the last of the trio are not in Haydn's writing, but in that of Cherubini. Julian Marshall and the grandson could only suppose these had been missing from the score and that Cherubini supplied the gap from a printed

copy. Still more interesting are Haydn's own afterthoughts. At the foot of the first page of the slow movement (which is headed *Andante*) Haydn has written 'più tosto *Allegretto*' and signed his name after it, so that there should be no mistake. The finale lets us into his workshop. Near the end he sketched one whole page and then crossed it out. And after the end of the movement, and the usual ejaculation 'Fine. Laus Deo,' he rewrote two blocks of four bars each, and made them far more telling. Besides this enchanting autograph, the British Museum acquired from Julian Marshall three volumes of Haydn's symphonies in score (copyist's handwriting), which were used at the Salomon concerts by Haydn himself and contain his revisions. One can imagine Haydn at his clavier, turning the pages with square, steady left hand, while the candles gleamed and the jewels glistened.

The Royal Philharmonic Society owns a treasure, housed at the British Museum, in the shape of an oblong volume of twelve stave MS. paper. In it are bound together Numbers 4, 5, and 6 of Haydn's London Symphonies. All date from 1791 and 1792. The first, in B flat major, is in the writing of Ellsler, Haydn's copyist and father of Fanny Ellsler. Everyone knows the cynical old proverb about a man's valet. But Ellsler had such devotion for Haydn that he would surreptitiously stop with a censer in front of his picture when he thought himself unseen. It is a significant touch that in this score the work is described as 'Del Sigr Giuseppe Haydn.' A note at the beginning of the volume by W. H. Cummings calls attention to a cembalo part Haydn jotted in very neatly near the end of the last movement. It was evidently an afterthought—an extemporisation, hit off, perhaps, at rehearsal which he wished to reproduce. For eleven bars, from bar 365 to bar 376, in the score, Haydn kept a brilliant broken chord figure of semiquavers shimmering in the treble. The sound must have given something of the point and brightness of a celesta to the whole. The figure spans an octave, which once or twice becomes a seventh, since the highest note, F, persists in a sort of inverted pedal. At first I could not quite understand this, but when I remembered the normal compass of the harpsichord and pianoforte at that time was F to f³ the puzzle was solved. Later, on the very day I first saw that cembalo passage, I was reading a manuscript article on Haydn by Samuel Wesley and suddenly found the remark:

His [Haydn's] performance on the Piano Forte, although not such as to stamp him a first Rate Artist upon that instrument, was indisputably neat and distinct. In the Finale of one of his

Symphonies is a Passage of attractive Brilliancy, which he has given to the Piano Forte, and which the Writer of this Memoir remembers him to have executed with the utmost Accuracy and Precision.

Probably the very passage!

The fourth autograph score of a Haydn symphony in England is that of the Symphony in F (Letter W), composed in 1787. It came to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, as a gift in 1861 from Miss Emily Gregg, who in her turn had received it from J. B. Cramer, who perhaps received it from Haydn, for he was a great favourite with him and his most frequent visitor in that summer when Haydn lodged at Lisson Grove.

Another score, certainly in England as late as 1909, seems to have retired from history into mystery. It is the celebrated Surprise Symphony, which belonged to Felix Moscheles, the painter, Mendelssohn's godson. The *Musical Times* published a facsimile of the andante in its original form showing (as Sir Alexander Mackenzie had noticed) that the 'Surprise' chord was added as an afterthought. But where the manuscript is now, no one seems to know. The executrices of Felix Moscheles, with whom I have corresponded, are much puzzled.

In the matter of operas England is to the fore; it has two of Haydn's best. 'Orlando Palladino' in autograph, belongs to the British Museum—a magnificent volume dating from 1782, 'Purchased of Messrs. List and Francke 9th Feby 1884.' There is vigour in the very look of the score; the music seems to 'come at' one off the pages, yet somehow I enjoy 'Armida' more. This precious manuscript is a treasure of the Royal College of Music. It arrived in England long ago, sent by Haydn himself as compensation, it is said, for another opera ('Orfeo') which he never finished. It is also said that Salomon purchased 'Armida' from Haydn, left it by will to someone (unspecified in the account) and that it was sold in Lord Falmouth's sale, 1853. Haydn carried his religion into every part of his work. He began his opera with an 'In Nomine Domini' and praised God at the end just as sincerely as in his Masses. 'Armida' was completed in 1783 and the year after he wrote to Artaria: 'Everyone says it is the best thing I have done up to the present.' That is easy to believe, when one turns the pages covered with the beautiful handwriting, and notes the flow of the music. No other manuscript by Haydn gives me such a sense of the calm, unhindered exercise of his creative power.

Curiously enough the autograph score of the C major Quartet, Op. 64, No. 1, carries with it more movement. Studying it one day in the Royal College of Music Library (to which it also belongs) I got a hint of the importance Haydn attached to a strong *launching* impetus in the first movements of his mature works. Another time, looking at the score on a very bright day, I saw faint pencilled notes on the cover, the sketch of certain progressions that had occurred to Haydn and which (as I afterwards found out was his habit) he noted for future use.

The variety of smaller autographs is delightful. One may see Haydn (British Museum) trying to be nautical in the fragment of an oratorio composed on poetry (!) from Selden's *Sovereignty of the Sea*. There, too, one may see a duetto between 'Nisa and Tirsi,' a 'Divertimento per il Clavicembalo Solo,' band parts signed by Haydn which appear to be those from which William Forster published some of his works, and the original wrappers in which they arrived from Vienna. (Postage was heavy. Six symphonies cost £2 5s.) Here also one may read several of Haydn's own letters in German and French, besides more casual scribbles, and see the original catalogue (in Ellsler's hand) of Haydn's library.

There are a few autographs in private collections, and a march written for the Royal Society of Musicians in 1792, which is still in their library. For once Haydn seems to have felt 'In Nomine Domini' would be out of place on this convivial composition. So he just put 'N.D.' at the top. The scoring includes clarinets and a serpent; the 'directs' are partly in Italian, partly in German. At the start Haydn says to the serpent: 'Bleibt ruh!' I learnt more about its tone from those two words than from all the orchestration books!

At Cambridge, besides the symphony already mentioned, there is an autograph song in the Fitzwilliam Museum, beginning 'Son pietoso, son bonino.' Oxford inexplicably seems to have nothing. But she gave instead . . . the doctor's degree which Haydn so valued.

Of manuscripts by copyists, one of the most important is the score of 'Armida,' *ex libris* Dr. Burney, now in the Reid Library, Edinburgh.

York owns a complete set of parts, orchestral and vocal, of a Te Deum in C, which Dr. Bairstow tells me is 'in the handwriting of a man named Priestley who gave a number of scores and parts to the Minster Library nearly 100 years ago.' Very possibly this is

the so-called 'great' Te Deum. Haydn's Eisenstadt copyist charged 6 fl. 24 for it in 1800.

EARLY EDITIONS

Whether these are, strictly speaking, relics I do not know, but Britain has so many interesting editions of Haydn's music that it would be a pity to omit all mention, even though I can but indicate the fringe of the subject.

For instance, there are those copies of the first edition of 'The Creation.' The Royal Academy of Music owns one, with the round stamp J. H. and the list of original subscribers, the latter an uncommon feature, enhancing the value. Another belongs to the Royal College of Music. Inside the original board cover is written 'Mr. Rauzzini' and lower down, in a different hand—'Given to J. W. Windsor by his much admired friend, Mr. Rauzzini Sunday March 5 1810. Bath.' At a touch history lives; this was the Rauzzini for whom Haydn wrote the canon, 'Turk was a faithful dog and not a man.'

Then there is that copy of the 'Creation' in the London Museum, once given to Lady Hamilton, as the fly-leaf says, 'In remembrance of Milady! Vienna 23 Aug. 1800,' the giver presumably being the person who wrote at the other corner of the page (with a signature I cannot read): 'Your most humble and obedient servant Leopold de Kerth.' Below, in her own handwriting (like a Romney drapery), she has added 'Emma Hamilton.'

That must have been when she, Sir William Hamilton and Nelson visited Vienna and Eisenstadt. Another link with her exists in the composition which Haydn wrote to please 'Milady' on words by a Mrs. Knight who travelled in her suite. It was published about 1802 by Clementi, Banger, Hyde, Collard and Davis, 26, Cheapside, and the copy in the British Museum describes it as 'Battle of the Nile, a Favorite Cantata with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte. The Words by Mrs. Knight. The Music composed and dedicated to Lady Hamilton By Dr. Haydn.'

Haydn sometimes autographed copies of his works—I suppose for special gifts. One is in the Royal Library, and another (a copy of the First Set of Canzonets) is in the British Museum published by Corri, Dussek and Co. in 1794. Was this a return courtesy to Dussek for lending him his piano in 1791?

Of the first great edition of Haydn's quartets complete by Pleyel, several copies exist in this country. Nineteen people subscribed from London.

Though English subscribers to 'The Seasons' were few, some fine

copies are here none the less. One, of the 'Originalausgabe Bey Breitkopf & Haertel in Leipzig,' bears an inscription 'Vincent Novello the gift of his beloved friend Dragonetti Now presented to the Musical Library of the Exeter Hall Sacred Harmonic Society by V. Novello on his 67th birthday Sep. 6. 1848.' It belongs to the Royal College of Music.

The wealth of quartet and symphony editions is such that one can give no details. But I must just speak of the blue marbled symphony scores, published by Ciani and Sperati, with their old lay-out and quaint wording now in the Library of the Royal Philharmonic Society; of the many early scores and band parts in the Henry Watson Library, Manchester, of the early Neapolitan edition of 'The Seven Last Words' and the first edition of 'The Seasons' at Leeds; also of some rare editions in the Euing Library, Glasgow. Among eighteenth century editions of the quartets the publication by J. Bland of the Quartets of Opus 64 (he calls it 65) gives me peculiar pleasure when I meet it. The title page reads: 'Three Quartets for Two Violins, Tenor, and Violoncello Composed by Giuseppe Haydn and Performed under his Direction, at Mr. Salomon's Concert, the Festino Rooms, Hanover Square.'

Festino! How romantic a term for subscription concerts!

PORTRAITS.

England stands proudly as concerns Haydn portraits. Principal among them is the one in oils painted by John Hoppner, R.A., which George IV (then Prince of Wales) commissioned in December, 1791. It is the property of H.M. The King, and formerly hung at Hampton Court. The third volume of Pohl's *Haydn* (published in 1927) mentions it as still there. I have been to see and I know that it is *not*. Even old inhabitants cannot recollect it. *Grove's Dictionary* (new edition) says it is at Buckingham Palace. I can bear witness *Grove* is correct. Yet more, for the purposes of this article, I was graciously granted permission to see the picture itself where it hangs in one of the galleries of Buckingham Palace, and greatly I valued the privilege.

Hoppner has shown Haydn at three-quarter length, seated against a dark background, wearing his usual trim wig and a quite unusually handsome red coat with white lawn ruffle at the throat. As a painting it is very fine, but as history the eyes and the hands are the things that matter. Without those eyes Haydn's thin, composed face, firm mouth, and long nose with deep furrows running to the jaw would be mask-like; with them the whole personality lights up, so wise,

kind and powerful is their look. This is Haydn as he would wish to be known by posterity, Haydn the creator of the London symphonies.

His hands are a different matter. At first sight one thinks Hoppner has only roughed them in. Closer inspection reveals they are finished studies. The left hand, resting upon a table, is very puffy: the right, holding a quill pen, is so swollen that it looks almost webbed. On the little finger is a ring with a diamond prominently set—no doubt the one given him by Frederick William of Prussia. What is the explanation? It lies in a letter Haydn wrote to Frau von Genzinger on Dec. 20, 1791. 'I too,' he says, 'have hitherto been in excellent health, till eight days ago, since when I was attacked by English rheumatism, and so severely that sometimes I could not help crying out aloud. . . . Pray excuse my bad writing.'

Note the date! Hoppner had been ruthless in painting what he saw! In the engraved copy the hands are omitted.

To January, 1792, belongs the oil painting by Hardy. Originally owned by J. Bland (the publisher who got Haydn's 'Razor Quartet') it now belongs to Mr. Arthur Hill, of the well-known violin expert family. He lent this portrait to the Loan Exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Musicians in 1904, the first time it had been publicly exhibited since it hung in the Royal Academy of 1794. (Pohl says 1791!) Though I speak only from the engravings Hardy himself made of the picture, I think he caught more of the essential man and musician than anyone else. Hardy imparted to Haydn's eyes a suppressed fire, to his face a lean, very driven look that fit exactly with his history during 1792. This portrait formed the frontispiece to the first edition of 'The Creation' by Artaria in 1800.

A valuable original drawing by Dance, which Mr. Barclay Squire bequeathed to the Royal College of Music, dates from 1794. It is a profile picture, which Haydn liked, but it suffers from the extraordinary sameness that runs through Dance's work. His Haydn and Salomon might be one man!

Another valuable original portrait now in England is the oil painting by Rösler. It shows Haydn as an old, worn and gentle man, the battles fought, the fires spent. Mr. P. V. M. Benecke, the present owner, tells me it belonged to J. F. Rochlitz who bequeathed it to Mendelssohn, at whose death it passed to his daughter and so to her son, Mr. Benecke.

The oil painting of Haydn owned by the Royal Society of Musicians is mysterious. Beyond the fact that it was given to the society by a Dr. Selle, the secretary (Mr. Bennett) can tell me nothing. Pohl (in Vol. III, but on what grounds I do not know) asserts that it is a

copy of a portrait by Wingfield. Whatever the history, it presents Haydn in a red coat, holding a quill pen, and looking as he might have done in the hard-pressed spring of 1792. His face is thin, the nose and chin long, the upper lip slightly unshaven, the eyes dark, weary and restless, their rims red and swollen as if from loss of sleep. The portrait gives one a strange impression.

To look through the collections of smaller prints in the Royal College of Music, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum, is a fascinating employment. One becomes aware that Haydn was not an easy sitter. He could look as blank as the proverbial wall. The Hardy mezzotint, a fine copy of which came to the Royal College of Music with the Benson Bequest, is by far the most alive. From a collector's point of view the engraving by Bartolozzi (after the portrait by Ott, 1791, which Bartolozzi attempted to improve) is more fashionable. Haydn is depicted writing at a table, rather formal and forbidding, but trying to look pleased.

An engraving by J. Thomson from a bust taken from life, grows upon one a good deal. Haydn's face is deeply lined and patient, the eyes with the look of a man gazing out of tragedy towards a far away light. I wonder how much we know of the real Haydn?

Guttenbrunn, whose portrait was engraved by L. Schiavonetti, saw nothing! He assigned Haydn an expression he considered suitable for a genius in the act of composing, and let his left hand play on the piano without depressing the keys!

Of two reproductions of the Hoppner picture in the British Museum neither seems good. One makes Haydn look like a barrister; the other like a Jeames Plush.

This, however, is nothing to the metamorphosis achieved by Kesinger in his picture (Vienna, 1799) engraved by Bote of Berlin. Haydn is here a sham Roman senator, with rolled-up eyes, pursed-up mouth, and a toga-like cloak.

Most alarming of all is the print entitled 'Wachsbüschchen Joseph Haydns. Ende des 18 Jahrhunderts.' The poor man looks as if he had just seen a black beetle in his beer.

There are more prints of Haydn than these, but not of much interest.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Considering how long a time Haydn spent in England it is odd that neither of the two instruments here has any connection with his English experiences. One, a viola da gamba in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is outwardly most beautiful with inlays of mother-

of-pearl and ivory, and inwardly bears the inscription 'Martin Voigt in Hamburgo me fecit 1726.' How Haydn and the instrument became associated is not known. Like another viola, its history is 'a blank.' All that is sure is that it was brought over to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Carl Engel with other instruments, and with the tradition attached that it had belonged to Haydn. Looking at the exquisitely ornate designs of mythological deities inlaid in engraved mother-of-pearl on the tail piece and finger board, noting the delicate bands of ivory purfling running round the ribs, and admiring the boldly cut scroll so full of character, one fancies this instrument must have fulfilled some princely commission to Martin Voigt. Later, perhaps, the noble owner gave it to Haydn, gifts, not 'douceurs,' being the correct recognition for a Capellmeister in eighteenth century days. They usually took the form of rings or snuff-boxes. I fear Haydn would have had more use from a snuff-box; he cannot have been much of a string player.

The other instrument belonging to him, however, now in England, is one he used much. It is a clavichord, built at Vienna in 1794 by Johann Bohak. Apparently Haydn had it during his last years at Esterhazy. When he settled for good in Vienna, he gave the instrument to Lichtenthal (with whom he lodged) saying: 'Here I make you a present of this instrument for your boy in case when he is older he should care to learn upon it. I have composed the greater part of my "Creation" upon it.' The three-year-old son, when he grew up, sold it to Anton Richter (formerly singer at the Court of Prince Esterhazy) and from him it passed to his son, Hans Richter, the famous conductor. The present owner, Miss Edith Chapman, acquired it from him, as well as a batch of documents that attest its history. If anyone desires to read the story in full, I recommend them to the article by Philip James in the *Musical Times* for April, 1930. The clavichord itself is charming to look at, with graceful proportions, warm cedar-coloured case, five octaves F to F⁵, of black natural and white sharp and flat keys, and a general air of distinction. The stand is modern, copied from a clavichord of 1767. Many musicians will have seen the Haydn instrument this winter in the Loan Exhibition at the London Museum, with Dr. Burney's harpsichord (1783) not far off. Who knows, Haydn may have touched those keys too when he visited the Doctor at Chelsea.

REMINISCENCES.

Last I come to the direct human links with Haydn. One is a letter written on November 22, 1828, by the Rev. C. J. Latrobe to Vincent Novello, and now in the British Museum. So far as I know

it has never been published in any book on Haydn. I give the best parts, omitting the padding:

When Haydn arrived in England in 17⁽¹⁾, I was introduced to him by Dr. Burney, who well knew the value I should set upon the personal acquaintance of a man, whose Works I so greatly admired, and of which I may say, that they had been a feast to my soul. . . . He was pleased, not long after, to pay me a visit. When he entered the room, he found my wife alone, and as she could not speak German, and he had scarcely picked up a few English words, both were at a loss what to say. He bowed with foreign formality, and the following short conversation took place.

H.: 'Dis, Mr. Latrobe house?' The answer was in the affirmative.

H.: 'Be you his Woman?' (meaning his wife).

'I am Mrs. Latrobe,' was the reply. After some pause, he looked round the room, and saw his picture to which, he immediately pointed and exclaimed 'Dat is me. I am Haydn!' My wife instantly, knowing what a most welcome guest I was honoured with, sent for me to a house not far off, and treated him with all possible civility. He was meanwhile amused with some fine specimens of Labrador Spar on the Chimney-piece, which he greatly admired and accepted of a polished slab. Of course I hastened home, passed half an hour with him in agreeable conversation. He gave me his direction and begged me to call on him whenever I pleased. . . . You may be sure I availed myself of the privilege, and believe that we did not grow tired of each other's company. The same friendly intercourse between us kept up during both his first and second Visits to England. Sometimes I met him at friend's houses, but never enjoyed his Company more than at his own lodging. I now and then found him at work upon the magnificent Symphonies, which he composed for Salomon's Concerts, and though I avoided taking up time so well employed, yet he would sometimes detain me, and play for me passages of a new Composition. On enquiry, hearing from a friend that I had ventured to compose some Sonatas for the Pianoforte, he desired to hear them. As he observed they ought to be printed, I agreed, if he would permit me to dedicate them to him. Of this he has made mention in his own account of his Visits to England. . . . Speaking with me of Mozart's death, he added, with that modesty, by which he was distinguished, 'In him the world has lost a much greater Master of Harmony than I am.' In general, I never perceived in *Haydn* any symptoms of that envy and jealousy, which is, alas, so much the besetting sin of musicians.

He appeared to me to be a religious character, and not only attentive to the forms and usages of his own Church, but under the influence of a devotional spirit. . . . I once observed to him, that having in the year 1779, when a youth, obtained the parts of his *Stabat Mater* from a friend, who had found means to procure

(1) Latrobe has left the year blank. Haydn arrived in England New Year's Day, 1791.

them at Dresden, I made a score, and became enchanted with its beauty. . . . He seemed delighted to hear my remarks on a Composition which he declared to be one of his own favourites, and added that it was no wonder, that it partook of a religious savor, for it had been composed in the performance of a religious Vow. He then gave me the following account of it. Sometime about the year 1770 (but as to the particular year, I am not sure), he was seized with a violent disorder, which threatened his life. 'I was,' said he, 'not prepared to die, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me and grant me recovery. I also vowed that if I were restored to health I would compose a Stabat Mater in honour of the Blessed Virgin as a token of thankfulness. My prayer was heard and I recovered. With a grateful sense of my duty, I cheerfully set about the performance of my Vow, and endeavoured to do it in my best manner. When finished I sent the Score to my dear old friend, *Hasse*, then residing in Venice [if I am right]. He returned me an answer which I shall preserve as a treasure to the end of my life. It is full of affection and truly religious feeling, for he was not only my musical, but my spiritual father. The Stabat Mater was performed at Vienna, both in the Imperial Chapel and at other Churches with acceptance, but I dedicated it to the Elector of Saxony, who was an excellent judge in Music, and at Dresden it was done justice to.'—The tears glistened in his Eyes, while he gave me this account, of which I have remembered the very words.

The other reminiscence came to me in conversation with Mr. Mewburn Levien, who kindly allows me to quote it. He said:

My great-grandfather, Abraham Goldsmid, a person of some importance in his day, helping Pitt in high finance in the Napoleonic war period and being a great friend of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, was very fond of music. His daughters all played the piano very well and the eldest played the pianoforte part in some concerted music which was played to Haydn when he came to her father's house with J. P. Salomon. This daughter, Jane, was quite young at the time (she was born in 1783) and being somewhat nervous at playing his own compositions in the presence of the famous composer, for a moment lost her place. When the piece was over, she ran across the room to Haydn and said: 'What must you think of me having lost my place?' He smiled at her and said: 'Any of us may lose our place, but it is not every one who can get in again quickly as you did.'

MARION M. SCOTT.

OPERA IN ENGLISH—II

THE previous article on English opera, in the January number of *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, dealt with the problem from an historical angle. It showed that the many serious attempts since the beginning of the nineteenth century down to the present day to put opera performance in the English language on to a permanent footing had failed and it explained what the reasons were and why the result must necessarily have been what it was. It ended with the statement of the belief that in the Vic-Wells opera lay our best hopes for success.

This belief is founded chiefly upon the irrefutable facts that this institution has a permanent home and that the appeal is to the five-shilling public. It had been explained how the lack of a theatre had prevented any organisation from really settling down to work out the problems of maintenance of cast and proper rehearsal, and that touring inevitably brings with it disorganisation and instability. Opera is now being given at one or other of these theatres from September to May and if it can be made to pay its way it is not unreasonable to ask what more is necessary to be done. To this question the answer briefly is that to leave such an institution to get along by itself is merely to fail to seize an unparalleled opportunity for constructive development. Until the difficulty of the building debt is removed the full possibilities of the organisation cannot possibly be brought out. Supposing, however, that this matter were settled one might still ask what it is exactly that the Vic-Wells opera could do, more than that is to say, than it is actually doing or trying to do at the moment. To answer this the reader must be reminded of several points raised in the previous article of which the principal one is that dealing with a national style of performance.

Without going over the whole ground again it will perhaps be enough to point out that in the inevitable comparison between English and foreign opera performance, the former has always been at a disadvantage because it has never had an extended opportunity of learning the job thoroughly and of working it out on natural lines, there has always been a perfectly understandable (but none the less undesirable) tendency to imitation on the part of both singers and composers. The foreigners, on the other hand, have come to us from

properly constituted opera houses with subsidies, where they were able to build up a tradition. Furthermore as this national style ultimately depends upon the singing of the native language set to native music, it will be seen that the production of works by English composers is of paramount importance and until this is made possible there can be no hope whatsoever of our being able to bring this particular individual quality into our performances of *any* opera sung in English. It is perhaps as well to observe here to avoid any misconception that no one in his senses would attempt to found a national opera which excluded the famous operas of the world from the repertory. That we have to sing them in translations may or may not be the ideal thing, but it is the plan adopted by the Continental opera houses and anything further it might be as well to say in this connection must be limited to stating the necessity sooner or later of overhauling the existing translations.

If the Vic-Wells opera then is left to itself it can never get any further in this all-important direction and it will only perpetuate the accepted formulas of production beyond which our singers as a whole have as yet never had a chance of being able to go. Of what use in this respect have been the more spacious productions given as at Covent Garden last autumn, or in previous seasons by the Carl Rosa, B.N.O.C., or Beecham companies? They have not carried us one step further towards a national style. It is possible to envisage the Vic-Wells with its smaller resources as being a very valuable training ground for larger scale performances and in fact it has already proved itself so in the case of some individual singers. But the time for permanent large scale opera has not yet arrived and one must once and for all realise that it never can until the style has been improved out of all knowledge. Once again, therefore, to leave the Vic-Wells, which can show stability and a permanent company, alone is to miss a great opportunity.

If run on constructive lines the training ground idea becomes at once of the greatest importance, the theatres still fulfilling their part in giving entertainment to their public. Constructive matters are, however, so linked up and intimately concerned with native composition that nothing can be done until the management are able to say there are a certain number of nights which can be definitely considered as being unlikely to be profitable, such nights being reserved for British works. Consider this for a moment. How often has it not been said that English operas are failures! And what are the reasons? Lack of originality (the foreign influence creeping in here), undramatic music (the want of experience in writing for the stage), or a difficult idiom not to be properly appreciated after but

three performances (English works seldom get more), or bad libretto (this has condemned foreign operas too), and on many occasions a thoroughly bad performance. Be all this as it may, English operas *must* be produced, however many bad ones it takes to find one that is good. Failures, and there are countless ones, do not debar foreign opera houses from further trials. Over and above all they must be given so that our singers can really learn what singing English really means. Finally, there have been in recent years some native operas produced which can deservedly be considered as works of which we need not feel ashamed and that may be considered encouraging.

Now this is simply a matter of money and the suggestion that has been made that the Vic-Wells should have an Endowment Fund, earmarked for this particular purpose, is one which must be seriously considered. One of the most valuable gifts to music ever made was that from Sir Ernest Palmer to the Royal College of Music for the study of opera. This takes the form of a fund which enables students (and occasionally outside artists) to appear in opera, and in a large number of cases the works so performed have been by English composers. The natural limitations of this scheme are that the performances take place in a very small theatre, that they are not public in the full sense of the term and that but for the immediate experience the singers and composers are left pretty much as they were before. The fact is that quite enough has now been done for the student, there are plenty of scholarships and exhibitions, far more young musicians are turned out than the profession can at present absorb, and what is now required is that something should be done to increase their chances of obtaining a livelihood, of testing their experiences and their craftsmanship on the public stage. The French saw this clearly enough when they built their Opera first and their Conservatoire afterwards, but the French mind is more logical than ours.

The precedent set by Sir Ernest Palmer is one which is surely within the bounds of possibility for an institution such as the Vic-Wells. And the sooner it comes about the better. For everyone would then feel that something valuable and practical was being done and a real beginning was at last being made towards the creation of a native school of opera writing and opera performance. It must indeed be obvious that we ought to give the opera composer something like the same chance of hearing his work as is given to those who work in the other musical forms, and similarly the singer whose natural bent is towards dramatic expression. We know well enough

of those who have been driven abroad from lack of opportunity here, much to our loss.

We seem, as a nation, disinclined to make these matters national, and possibly we are right since there is a good deal to be said for private enterprise as against Government control. In the case of a national opera house situated in London, the provinces would take a lot of persuading before they agreed to share the burden of an institution, the products of which they would have but few opportunities of seeing. A grant from the London County Council would be different, being local, but again there is considerable doubt whether the ratepayers would be inclined to look upon an intangible thing like musical performance with favour; the fact is that the numerical proportion of music lovers in the community is really too small. It would be said, 'let those who want opera pay for it.' Then there is the B.B.C., whose experiments with opera continue, but what is being done leaves the real point of national opera performance untouched.

It is to be admitted that there is a serious gap between the lovers of opera and of other forms of music. This has to do with æsthetic questions about which the feeling is deep and unlikely to be influenced by discussion and argument. This much may be said, however. The orchestral music-lover, for example, might sympathise a good deal more with the opera-lover were he somehow to be placed in the same position, *i.e.*, deprived of sufficient opportunity of hearing it. If we cannot get his practical assistance, we can at least hope to enlist his sympathy. Moreover, all musicians who feel opera to be a lesser form of art than music which has the supreme quality of existing for its own sake, might remind themselves that the opera house is the one great institution round which a vast amount of musical activity centres, and from a practical point of view must see that it is bound to react favourably upon nearly all branches of musical performance and of other arts as well. However, this appeal is primarily addressed to the opera-lover, rich or poor, who, though he needs no convincing as to the desirability of establishing a permanent opera, may need some guide as to how best it is to be done. The argument from history is that it is quite impossible to make any scheme definite and lasting unless it is designed to work only from the point of view of our native talent. The talent is there ready to be brought out in the right surroundings. It is the firm belief of the writer that a beginning can be made at the Vic-Wells, and these words are written in the hope that they may reach sympathetic and possibly practical minds and so help to lift it once and for all out of the rut in which it has lain so long.

CHORAGUS.

THE OLD VIC AND SADLER'S WELLS

VARIOUS funds have been inaugurated in recent years to help music or drama. How many of these survive, even as derelicts? One thing may be claimed exceptionally for the Sadler's Wells Fund. After more than five years of effort it has delivered the goods.

The Sadler's Wells Fund started in this way. An enthusiast, having discovered after a talk with Lilian Baylis that the great need of the Old Vic was a second theatre, also discovered on a foggy afternoon in November, 1924, the ghostly remains of the ruined theatre of Sadler's Wells, and furthermore that the site and the ghost were for sale. An option for purchase was presently obtained; and thenceforward Vic-Wells, as the double venture has come to be called, was in the making.

The details of the difficulties and struggle of the next five years would fill a volume; but I will summarise shortly. Eminent supporters were collected for an appeal in the Press, and to form an appeal committee, of which the Duke of Devonshire accepted the chairmanship. On March 30, 1925, the appeal was issued, and some 300 columns in the newspapers announced to the public that contributions aggregating £60,000 should suffice for the purchase, rebuilding, and equipment of Sadler's Wells, which could then be used to provide a most important expansion of the Old Vic's valuable work. The immediate product of these labours can only be described as *ridiculus mus*. But the organisers of the movement determined to carry on, and their courage was slowly rewarded. The first real step forward was due to the action of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. The Carnegie Trustees decided that the scheme must be given a chance, and when the expiry of the option for purchase was imminent they themselves bought the property and agreed to hold it for the purposes of the fund for a reasonable period. This period, at first limited to two years, was subsequently extended from year to year as the work of collection laboriously progressed.

The estimate of £60,000 for purchase, rebuilding, and equipment proved too low—only two-thirds, approximately, of what was ultimately found to be needed. This is so common an experience that explanation may be excused; but even the sum named took years to

raise. Before this point was reached, when some £40,000 had been collected, the Committee were faced with a difficult choice. Either the rebuilding must at once be undertaken, to keep up public confidence and the inflow of subscriptions, or the whole scheme abandoned. The risk involved by the former alternative was taken; but it meant at the last that heavy borrowing was unavoidable to make it possible to finish and equip the theatre and to open it as a going concern with the necessary minimum of working capital. It was difficult to get advances to the amount required, because a charity may not mortgage its property without visible means of repayment of the sum borrowed, and Sadler's Wells, like the Old Vic, is a 'charity'—necessarily so, because commercial profit can neither be permitted nor is it possible to afford it. But the problem was solved, largely through the generosity of Mr. F. A. Minter, head of the firm of contractors engaged on the rebuilding, who personally was enthusiastic for the cause and determined that it should succeed. So the theatre was opened on January 6, 1931, and Vic-Wells was in being.

The present position is best considered if the two theatres, though legally separate concerns, are treated as one entity, because the essential value of the work they represent lies in their combination. The Old Vic has still a building debt, forced upon it by unlucky circumstances, of £5,000; Sadler's Wells has a building debt of £23,766. Until these are paid off, the double venture must be weighed down by a burden which is especially serious at this early stage, before the growing audiences can be relied upon to fill both houses adequately. It is a fact that audiences, especially for opera, are increasing steadily, and 'capacity' houses are the rule on any Saturday, but larger support is wanted in the earlier days of the week. This is far from surprising, for the number of performances given to London by Vic-Wells is double the number given formerly by the Old Vic, and it was never expected that Sadler's Wells would gather an additional *clientèle* fast enough to enable it to pay its way at once. The general opinion of those qualified to judge was that it would take quite two years to establish it on a paying basis. But it was a case of 'to be or not to be,' and again a risk had to be taken, and the theatre opened even if an initial loss on running it should have to be faced. It is now probable that the estimate of two years was excessive, because since the beginning of the present year (up to the time of writing) both theatres have paid their way. The year 1931, however, provided a difficult experience. Audiences drawn by curiosity to see the new theatre filled Sadler's Wells at first, but then declined, and the latter half of the year coincided with an unexampled period of general

financial depression. In the meanwhile the Vic suffered through the deflection of a percentage of its audiences to the Wells. In the circumstances it is surprising that a turn for the better has come so quickly.

Vic-Wells seasons run from mid-September to mid-May. We are now, therefore, in the second half of the first full season of the double venture. What the final financial result will be remains to be seen, but it is unlikely that the loss from mid-September to the end of 1931 (of which accurate figures are not yet available) can be recouped. The appeal which is now before the public is therefore for a double purpose; any loss incurred by Vic-Wells during the period of inauguration, while an additional regular audience had necessarily to be built up, must have prior claim on moneys subscribed, and the balance will be applied to the liquidation of debt—in the first place, unless otherwise stipulated, of the debt on Sadler's Wells, as this is much the larger.

This article has hitherto been merely informative. I wish now to express, however inadequately, some reasons for the view that Vic-Wells is a gift not only of important value to London but to the nation. To the readers of this magazine the dramatic side of the work will be of less interest than its musical side. I will therefore dismiss the former in a few words. But first I should like to draw attention to the primary purpose of the Old Vic, which has largely accounted for its wonderful success. Its basic purpose has been to provide poor, and moderately poor, people with performances of the greatest English drama and the greatest operas ever written, at prices which anyone who goes to a cinema can afford—to provide these in their true form, not the form supplied through the wireless or a gramophone. Vic-Wells doubles this provision, at prices ranging from 6d. to 6s., tax included.

The value of the movement to British drama can be put shortly, though its importance is obvious. In the first place Vic-Wells is the home of Shakespeare in London, and, apart from Stratford, the only permanent home of our greatest dramatist in this country, producing his plays continuously for the larger part of each year. In the second place, it provides a school of acting of the highest practical value. Thirdly, it is a stepping-stone to a National Theatre. If a National Theatre should come into being, it will to a large extent be built on the personnel, the experience, and the audiences of Vic-Wells. If it should never come into being, Vic-Wells will remain the nearest substitute we shall have for it.

The importance of the movement to the world of music calls for closer attention. It cannot be doubted that the nation is rich in

musical talent at the present time, and it is equally clear that there are insufficient openings for its development. We have as great composers as any living, and orchestral players, conductors, and operatic singers of high quality. For all of them the field of opportunity is limited, largely because there is too little cultivation of a taste for music in a vast public which I am convinced is more inherently musical than is commonly supposed. That many members of this public take enthusiastically to opera, when given a chance within the limit of their purses to learn to enjoy it, is proved by the audiences which overflow the Old Vic or Sadler's Wells on every Saturday night, and on many other occasions, when opera is in the bill. And the fact that the North London audiences for opera are steadily increasing points to the same conclusion. Does not this suggest that opera presents a wide and popular avenue for the encouragement of interest in music?

The permanent production of opera in London (*i.e.*, six performances a week for the greater part of every year) is in itself an outstanding achievement, for such a thing has never happened before; but this is only part, and perhaps the lesser part, of the benefit promised to music by this enterprise. The opportunity given to British singers, British orchestra, British conductors and producers, and in time it is to be hoped to British composers, may prove more important still. Here is a practical school of music from which great developments may reasonably be expected. As such, it might be possible to draw it into closer association with the R.A.M., the Royal College, and the Guildhall School of Music. Why should not scholarships of varying kinds be established by generous donors, on the one hand to give promising students of music practical experience in orchestra or chorus, and on the other to lighten for Vic-Wells the financial burden of operatic production? The heavy expense of orchestra and chorus is the most crushing part of this burden, and if it could in any way be lightened the problem of continually improving the standard of production would be largely solved.

Some may think that too much has been made of the musical potentialities of this movement, but it is a matter that only time can decide. Here at any rate is a door opening into a widening passage, which in its turn may lead into broad country. If a large section of the ordinary London public should become interested in opera in English, that interest would assuredly carry it further into the domains of music.

The initial impulse is what is needed, for in this case it is an impulse which can duplicate itself and spread. The Vic grew from

small beginnings into what it has become simply from one person telling another of the discovery of something enjoyable, and the repetition of that process. There is no end to the process. If London should become more widely leavened with a taste for music, the leaven would have effect far beyond its borders. Moreover to begin by interesting ordinary men and women is beginning at the right end; whereas surely the mere establishment of luxury opera at excessive prices is beginning at the wrong end if the aim is to encourage music.

A word must be said with regard to ballet. The Vic-Wells school of ballet was started almost as a side-issue, under the ægis of Ninette de Valois. It has proved an astonishing success, both in the sense that the production of ballet meets an obvious demand, and therefore pays, and that eminent musicians and great dancers acclaim its value with enthusiasm. For proof of this, I can vouch for opinions expressed by Constant Lambert (the distinguished Musical Director of Vic-Wells ballet), Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams, Lydia Lopakova, and Anton Dolin.

I trust that I have shown that Vic-Wells is an enterprise of real value to this country, and certainly not less for the benefit of music than of drama. It has also been indicated that a sum of £30,000 would set the movement on a secure basis. Does this seem an alarming figure? It seems to me small in relation to the benefit involved. Unless I have entirely misjudged the case, this is much more than a Lambeth, or Finsbury, or even a mere London cause; it is a national cause. In the circumstances it is surprising that no man of wealth (for very rich men are not yet extinct) has come forward to gain credit for himself and advantage for the community by settling the balance of the bill. Huge gifts have been made to other philanthropies, and the money, though doing temporary good, has in most cases been quickly spent and used up. But here is need for a gift which would be an outlay for the permanent service of the public. So great a benefaction may be too much to hope for, but surely there are some who can afford to give largely and might be willing to do so. To wait for generosity on the grand scale would, however, be foolish; reliance must rather be placed on a large number of sympathisers expressing their sympathy in a more moderate but tangible form. The smallest gift will be welcome, but the greater it is the more it will effect.

In any case it is hoped that everyone interested in music will do something to help what I may fairly call the completion of Vic-Wells; for until it is free from debt the undertaking will be incomplete, through want of freedom to do its best. Even the poorest can

help by going, and encouraging others to go, to opera at the Vic or the Wells—and especially, to be really helpful, in the earlier days of any week. But money is the essential need. It may be that some would prefer to associate themselves with the provision of instruments or articles of musical equipment, even if these have already been purchased and are in use. If so, I feel sure that Miss Baylis would gladly supply a list of such instruments or articles, as well probably as of others that have not yet been obtained but are needed.

Only one thing remains to be said, in a sense (and I hope it may prove so) the most important. Contributions may be sent to either theatre if their purpose is clearly defined, but it will save unnecessary labour and confusion if they are posted direct to R. P. P. Rowe, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, 'Vic-Wells Fund,' 16, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C. 2.

R. P. P. ROWE.

THE AMERICAN OPERA

HAS IT ARRIVED?

THE first operatic performance ever given in America, so far as existing records show, was that of the ballad opera, 'Flora, or Hob in the Well,' by John Hippisley, which was produced in the Court-room, Charleston, S.C., on February 8, 1735. This work, composed in 1729, the year after John Gay's famous work, 'The Beggar's Opera,' which really was the pioneer production in this class of lyric drama, was one of the earliest operas of the kind, but why it should have been chosen by the Charleston Company in preference to the more famous and popular 'Beggar's Opera' does not transpire. After this, ballad opera performances became of frequent occurrence throughout the Colonies, and we have it on the authority of Mr. Waldo Selden Pratt, that

The first ballad-opera drafted in America was 'The Disappointment' (1767), the libretto (by Andrew Barton) involving the use of 18 popular airs. The projected performance of this at Philadelphia was given up because its satire was too personal. By whom the songs were to be arranged is not known.

It was not until 1790, however, long after the foundation of the Union, that the entity known, under various forms, as 'Grand Opera' began to appear and rise in popularity in the United States. But all of these were of English or foreign origin and generally performed by European companies. 'The Archers of Switzerland,' by B. Carr, produced in New York City on April 18, 1796, is claimed as the first genuine American opera, although this claim is disputed in favour of 'Edwin and Angelina,' by a Frenchman named Pellisier, produced also in New York on December 19 of the same year. But apparently the nationalities of the respective composers went for nothing as Carr was an Englishman, and the fact that the operas had been composed on American soil seems to have been sufficient, in the opinion of the alleged authorities of the time, to confer American nationality upon them. On January 29, 1798, the famous Park Theatre was opened in New York and this event marked the beginning of the remarkable history of operatic production in the United States, a history in which many other cities were soon creditably involved, and which to this day is still very much in the making. In November, 1825, the first season of Italian grand opera

was opened in New York with a performance of Rossini's 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' by the famous company—practically a complete family concern—of Manuel Garcia, the Elder. The cast included his son Manuel, the inventor of the laryngoscope; and his two daughters, later respectively universally renowned as Mesdames Malibran and Viardot. In 1838 an English Opera Company was established here also by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and it toured the States extensively till 1847. It was this company which, on June 4, 1845, produced in English, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the first grand opera written by a genuine American. The opera in question was 'Leonora' by William Henry Fry. It had several performances, and was revived in New York in 1858. I have never seen the score of this opera, but from the fact of its having received the attention it did from audiences which had already attained high critical standards, would seem to point to its having possessed more than average qualities. There seems to have been, up to this period, a general upward tendency, and if America had remained true to herself great things in opera might have been accomplished there. There was no lack of knowledge, talent, and above all, money, in the country, but with it all, America was still little better than a province of England. If all had been going well in the latter country that would not have mattered very much, but under the blighting influence of Queen Victoria, her Consort, and her Court, the whole of Great Britain, as well as her Colonies (past and present), and dependencies were entirely under foreign domination, particularly in the matter of art. Thus, during the entire second half of the nineteenth century we find that the only music that was considered as having a right to rank as music at all was that of Italian or German (especially German) origin. The United States of America were here repeating the tactical error committed by the Mother Country a few generations earlier, when the musical *cognoscenti* of England *en masse*, fell upon the neck of Handel and allowed his opera to cut right across the music dramas of Purcell and his school, thus setting back the hands of the native operatic clock nearly a century and a half.

The history of opera in America from 1850 till 1900, therefore, is merely one long succession of seasons of foreign works systematically rendered by foreign artistes. In September, 1855, George Bristow had an opera 'Rip Van Winkle' staged in New York, and in April, 1863, a second opera by William H. Fry, entitled 'Notre Dame de Paris,' was produced at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia; and then nothing even approaching a national aspect appeared till February 11, 1896, when an opera entitled 'The Scarlet Letter,' by Walter Damrosch, was given at the Boston Theatre,

Boston, Mass. By this time, the American composer was beginning to assert himself in other branches of the art, but, whether the Metropolitan and foreign influence generally was too strong for him, or whether his own natural diffidence kept him in the background, it is not easy to say, but the native opera composer emerged so slowly as to constitute almost a negative factor altogether in the progress of opera production in America. There exist records of an opera entitled 'In Old Japan,' by V. Thompson and Aïme Lachaume, presumably Americans, having been produced in New York in 1897, and on January 31, 1906, an opera by Frederick S. Converse, entitled 'The Pipe of Desire,' received its first performance at Jordon Hall, Boston. This opera was destined to make history two years later, for, on March 18, 1908, it was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and was the first genuine American opera to be presented there. All the principals, with one exception, were of American birth. There were Louise Homer, Riccardo Martin, Clarence Whitehill and Herbert Witherspoon; the exception being Lenora Sparks, an English vocalist. On August 29, 1910, an opera 'Paoletta,' by P. F. Florida, was produced in Cincinnati, O., and that concludes the very meagre record of American opera down to the end of 1910.

In that year, however, Signor Gatti-Casazza became sole director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and with that event commenced what may, so far as opera is concerned, be regarded as the age of enlightenment. This may not be immediately apparent and it is certainly not so in any sudden or sustained increase of purely American opera production, but it soon became a recognised fact that no work would be rejected simply because of its American origin, and that quality and general suitability for Metropolitan requirements were to be the sole requirements in connection with the production of opera there. The effect of this is only now beginning to be felt, but the immediate results were decidedly happy, as the minds of many of the ablest of America's composers were gradually turned into what may be called operatic channels, and steady progress has since been made towards what must, sooner or later, emerge as a truly American national opera. It is a little paradoxical perhaps that the first opera to be produced in this new atmosphere, Victor Herbert's 'Natoma' (February 25, 1911), should have been given by the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company, under the direction of Andreas Dippel, Signor Gatti-Casazza's former partner, but it was only a necessary and inevitable development of the new conditions that were beginning to force themselves upon everybody concerned. 'Natoma' was followed by A. Perelli's 'A Lover's Quarel' at Philadelphia, on March 6, 1911, and H. W. Parker's 'Mona' at the New York

Metropolitan, on March 14, only one week later. Then on February 27, 1918, the Metropolitan saw the first performance of another opera by Walter Damrosch, 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' and on January 24, 1914, of Victor Herbert's one-act opera, 'Madeline.' A prize offered by the Los Angeles Opera Association brought forth a work entitled 'Fairyland,' by H. W. Parker and Brian Hooker, produced at Los Angeles on July 1, 1915, and, probably as an outcome of the same stimulus, an opera entitled 'Apollo,' by Edward F. Schneider, was given on August 7, 1915, at Bohemian Grove, California. On March 8, 1917, Reginald de Koven's 'The Canterbury Pilgrims' was produced at the Metropolitan, and on December 26, 1917, Arthur Hadley's 'Azora,' by the Chicago Opera Association, while two days later, Henry K. Hadley was awarded the Hinshaw Prize for his opera 'Bianca,' and in less than a fortnight after that, Arthur Nevin's one-act opera, 'Daughter of the Forest,' was also produced in Chicago. On March 23, 1918, Charles Wakefield Cadman appeared as a composer of opera at the Metropolitan, with 'Shanewis,' and, in a double bill at the same theatre, on March 12, 1919, 'The Legend,' by Joseph Breil, and 'The Temple Dancer,' by J. A. Hugo, were given. And then in rapid succession came Reginald de Koven's 'Rip Van Winkle,' Arthur Hadley's exquisite 'Cleopatra's Night' and Charles W. Cadman's 'The Sunset Trail.' This brings us down to the year 1921, and there perforce we are compelled, for lack of material, to make a somewhat prolonged pause.

It was clearly obvious to all who had taken the least trouble to study the scores and tendencies of these works, that there was, from beginning to end, a distinct and conscious urge towards the formation and evolution of a pronounced and distinctive American idiom, but, while there was evinced in most, if not all, of the operas, talent and to spare, there was a sad lack of real creative genius. Without exception, the diction employed was mere conscious or unconscious imitation of Italian, German, French, or (at the worst) English styles. The simple fact of an opera having an American subject, or an American composer, and/or librettist, does not give that opera the right to be regarded as distinctively American in generic classification. And it was just this particular distinction that the operative 'powers-that-be,' with all the encouragement in the world, could not supply. And it was probably through the lack of that, that, so far as production went, American opera was allowed to lie fallow for seven years after the first performance of 'Cleopatra's Night' in 1920. But there never has lived an *impressario* who has taken his responsibilities more seriously than Signor Gatti-Casazza and, during these barren years, he no doubt gave the subject of American opera many an hour's deep

and earnest consideration. And the result of his cogitations was seen, when, in the spring of 1925, he and Mr. Kahn, who is the financial prop of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, interviewed Mr. Deems Taylor, and requested him to write an opera for production in their world-renowned Opera House.

Mr. Deems Taylor is a native of New York and was born on December 22, 1895. He was educated in the Ethical Culture School, and University, of New York, and he studied harmony and counter-point under Mr. Oscar Coon, but was largely self-taught in composition and orchestration. Before entering the operatic field, he had done a good deal of composition in choral and orchestral music. He had originally taken up journalism, as a career, however, and was assistant editor of the *Western Electric News* from 1912 to 1916, when he went abroad as war correspondent for *The Sunday Tribune*. He was then, for a time, associate editor of *Collier's Weekly*, and in 1921, he succeeded James G. Huneke as the music critic of *The New York World*. We have it on the authority of the composer himself that his criticisms of the operas that were then being habitually performed at the Metropolitan were so drastic that Mr. Gatti-Casazza simply challenged him to write a better one himself, *if he could*. With full confidence in the soundness, and the courage, of his convictions, Mr. Deems Taylor, without more ado, picked up the gauntlet and immediately set to work. His first opera, 'The King's Henchman,' produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, under the direction of Tullio Serafin, on February 17, 1927, was the result. Its success was instantaneous and, during its first season, it was accorded six performances in New York and one in Philadelphia. It was freely asserted that here was the genuine American opera at last, and so well satisfied was Signor Gatti-Casazza with the experiment that he forthwith commissioned the composer to supply a second opera to be ready in two years' time, and this work duly materialised in 'Peter Ibbetson,' likewise produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in the autumn of 1930, with even greater acclamation and success than was gained by its predecessor.

The question in view of these facts, then remains, 'Has the American opera at last arrived?' And perhaps the only answer that comes within reasonable distance of the truth is 'Yes and No!' Taking a broad view of the existing schools of opera, the experienced critic or student can, from particular examples, readily detect the national characteristics which distinguish each from all the others. Italian, French, German, English and Russian opera, each taken in

the mass, contains certain subtle and not easily definable, yet clearly recognisable idiomatic and musical attributes which do not apply to any of the others, and which are so decisively marked as to leave no room for doubt as to the particular category into which any selected specimen ought to be included. But has there yet emerged an operatic school of this order that can be classed as being distinctively American? The answer to this question must, I think, be decidedly in the negative. That it will eventually appear there is not the slightest reason to doubt, but it can hardly be expected to arrive for another two or three generations at least. Until there exists a distinctively consolidated native American population, there can be evolved a purely American school neither of literature nor of opera. But, with the introduction of the immigration quota system, the present state of ethnological flux will now practically cease. The elements of the melting-pot must already have begun to coalesce and combine, just as the heterogeneous elements gradually combined to form the original English race a thousand years ago; and an absolutely distinctive national entity will emerge therefrom as the pure and unsullied American race. Then, and only then, can the essential national American novel, drama or opera appear in all its own independent form and purity. One can only expect a strictly differentiated American opera from a completely consolidated and definitely distinctive American people. Yet, as I have shown, there has been, throughout the recent history of opera in America, a distinct and conscious tendency towards the creation of an indigenous and strictly national idiom, and if the two works of Deems Taylor show only the earliest indication of the creation of that idiom it may truly be asserted that American opera has arrived.

The two operas of Mr. Deems Taylor are unquestionably the best native works in that *genre* that America has yet produced. But it would be futile to claim for them the right to a place in the front rank of operatic achievement. The 'book' of 'The King's Henchman' in particular may pass as a fair example of the average opera libretto, which, as literature, ranks very low. We are told that the librettist, Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, is 'outstanding among American lyric poets,' but if 'The King's Henchman' is characteristic of her work, we can only deplore the low standard of creative lyricism in her country. The work is grievously lacking in the high seriousness and grand manner, which—the present irreverence that is so ostentatiously shown, in season and out of season, towards Matthew Arnold, notwithstanding—still constitute the prime essentials in every genuine work of art. At page 36 of the vocal score, for example, Eadgar of

Wessex, King of England, addressing Aethelwold, Earl of East Anglia, does so in these extraordinary terms :

I know thou'rt loath to go,
Nor would I ask it of thee, Aethelwold,
But being so beset with irksome business,
I cannot stir from my stool.
And twixt thee and me . . .
A scurf upon these clerks of Dunstan !
By Odin's foot, *I am fed to the neck with them !*

And again, five pages further on, he assures the earl that

Thou art not like to go giddy, and swoon from horse,
At the first wimple thou sightest on a Devonshire down,

And Aethelwold, not to be outdone in his knowledge of twentieth century American slang, although living in the tenth century (which no doubt the poetess considers a mere detail and a matter of no consequence whatever), enquires of the king and his wife :

Do ye get what I say ?

That sort of thing will never do. It is all very well to assert one's modernity, independence of conventionality and contempt of so-called 'old-fogeyness,' but style is style all the world over, and the employment of such terms in a work of art of ostensible 'high seriousness' is merely 'provincial,' and lays the perpetrator open to the charge of ignorance and vulgarity, not always without cause.

The musical treatment of both works, however, is tactful and restrained, but the score of 'Peter Ibbetson' shows a growing confidence and greater certainty of purpose than is evidenced in its predecessor. It is undoubtedly, in every respect, the better opera of the two. Yet the manner of treatment is in both cases similar. The composer apparently is obsessed with the modern dread of being considered too melodic so far as his original work is concerned, but he cleverly works in the folk-song method in the fashion of Dr. Vaughan Williams. In both productions, it is successful and highly effective, but it is a trick that can very easily be overdone and vulgarised, and it is no longer original. Any attempt to impart local colour to the score by such means is too obvious to deceive anyone, besides being, particularly in the case of such an opera as 'The King's Henchman,' an anachronism of the most blatant and glaring description. It is altogether questionable whether the oldest folk-song in existence is five hundred years old, and the majority of them are not nearly half so ancient as that. Any composer, who is worthy of the name at all, will have no difficulty in creating his own colour schemes if only he will set his mind honestly to the task, and the colour he creates will, I am convinced, prove many times more

effective than all the borrowed so-called local colour that either folk-themes or extra-national idioms can ever supply. And I have too high an opinion of the talent and skill of Mr. Deems Taylor to believe that any such extraneous aids are necessary to enable him to produce an opera that may be English in subject and colour, like 'The King's Henchman,' or French, like 'Peter Ibbetson,' yet, by reason of its idiomatic originality and individuality, prove to be the first real American opera that was ever composed. Who, for example, that knows anything of what the term 'nationality in music' implies could doubt for a moment the French nationality of 'Samson and Delilah,' yet question the appropriateness of the music to the Hebrew story? But 'Carmen,' on the other hand, is neither French nor Spanish. In the former instance, the composer was true to himself, conceding nothing to Jewish demands; whereas Bizet attempted the impossible in his affectation of what he thought was a Spanish idiom, to fit an opera that, in form and atmosphere, could never be anything but French. If, therefore, the American opera composer will simply steep himself in the literary, historical and psychological aspects of his subject, without worrying too much about the musical side of the question at first, and then allow his own psychological and traditional judgment and attitudes to follow in their own particular channels, he will find, if he is an artist at all, that the results will not be far short of the ideal perfection, and the genuine American opera will then not be far to seek.

Nationality in opera in Europe, since Wagner, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Verdi, and, if you will, Puccini, has fallen a little stale. France, England, and the various new nationalities have, so far, given us little more than weak imitations of the great masters, and even these have been spasmodic and inconsequential. Of course there has taken place in Central Europe during recent years the movement which has produced what, in Russia, is called proletarian opera, and has resulted in such extraordinary productions as Alban Berg's 'Wozzeck' and Max Brand's 'Maschinist Hopkins.' These are undoubtedly works of genius, and the movement is one to be reckoned with in any general estimate of the trends of operatic development, but their significance, great and startling as it is, and far-reaching its possibilities, is, whatever else it may be, decidedly not national. One wonders a little where exactly the next epoch-making opera *will* appear and, while it would be perhaps not quite accurate to assert that the eyes of Europe are fixed on America, it is certainly a fact that some of us who are specially studious in these matters are absolutely convinced that, sooner or later, America will, in matters operatic, surprise the world. The answer to the question,

' Has American Opera arrived? ' is still more in the region of ' No! ' than ' Yes! ' but the way is being steadily prepared for its advent and proper reception when it does arrive, if only by the knowledge and experience that composers are piling up upon the things that they ought not to do. It cannot, of course, be too often repeated that there can be no American opera until there is a pure and distinctive American people—only half-baked and immature matter can be extracted from the pot while the ingredients are still in the process of melting—and we must exercise patience. There is, however, nothing surer than the fact that the future of opera lies largely with America.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

A LIST OF PORTRAITS, SCULPTURES, ETC., OF GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL

THE compilation of a list of portraits presents many problems; among others, that of selection is perhaps the most difficult. Should such a list include art-works executed after the death of the subject? If not, a list of prints, derived ultimately from paintings but not necessarily contemporaneous with them, ought not to be included. Similarly, monuments should have to be omitted. It is obvious that such omissions should at once make a *complete* survey impossible.

Another difficulty is the problem of originals and copies. The numerous paintings, for instance, classified in the following list under the artist, Thomas Hudson, could not have possibly been done by him. In many instances, it is almost impossible to detect the original from the copy. Further, some copies are excellent, *e.g.*, the Benson copy of the painting by Thornhill. Again, other copies present problems of attribution; the Dandridge-Hogarth painting is a case in point.

For these reasons, it has been thought expedient to prepare a list that should be as complete as possible. The interested Händelian and art-connoisseur may eliminate that which is irrelevant.

All of the available information, concerning the works that follow, has been given. With reference to those objects which were sold in auction rooms, only the name of the purchaser is mentioned, except where otherwise noted.

The following volumes contain much valuable information about Händel-portraits:—

1. Vogel, Emil. 'Händel-Portraits.' *Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters*, 1896 (iii, 19-32). Leipzig, Verlag von C. F. Peters, 1897.
2. The Händel-issue of *The Musical Times* (December 14, 1893). London, Novello & Co., 1893.
3. O'Donoghue, Freeman. *Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits* (ii, 433-435). London, The British Museum, 1910.
4. *Catalogue of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. . . Political and Personal Satires*. London, The British Museum, 1870-1883.
5. Flower, Newman. *Catalogue of a Handel collection formed by Newman Flower*. Sevenoaks, printed for private circulation, 1921.
6. Esdaile, Katherine Ada. *The Life and Work of Louis François Roubiliac*. London, Oxford University Press, 1928.
7. *Medallic Illustrations of the History of Great Britain and Ireland*. (Compiled by Edward Hawkins; edited by Augustus

- W. Franks and Herbert A. Greuber.) (Vol. ii.) London, The British Museum, 1885.
8. Dalton, R., and Hamer, S. H. *The Provincial Token-Coinage of the Eighteenth Century*. (i, 214; ii, 288-291.) London, printed privately, 1910-1918.
9. M[ackay] A[ndrew]. *The Collection of Miniatures in Montagu House*. [London, printed privately.] 1896. (Another edition, 1899.)

I—PAINTINGS

Artist	Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
Anon.	Oil	?	Städtische Museum, Halle a.d.S. (Germany)
"	Oil	?	Trinity College of Music, London
"	Oil ⁽¹⁾	?	Mr. Newman Flower, Sevenoaks, Kent
"	Oil ⁽²⁾	?	Bodleian Library, Oxford
"	Oil ⁽³⁾	?	Dr. Ernest Foss, Berlin-Steglitz (Germany)
"	Oil ⁽⁴⁾	?	Messrs. Ellis, London, 1915
"	Oil ⁽⁵⁾	?	Mrs. George Madison Millarp, Pasadena, Cal. (U.S.A.)
"	Oil ⁽⁶⁾	?	Mr. Mallman
"	Oil ⁽⁷⁾	?	?
Clement, Anna	Oil ⁽⁸⁾	1822	?
Dahl, Michael	Oil ⁽⁹⁾	?	Mr. John Lane, London, 1917
Dandridge, Bartholomew	Oil ⁽¹⁰⁾	?	Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

(1) Portrait (40 in. × 31 in.) of a young musician said to be Händel; a youth in grey dress, with red hose, seated in a garden, playing a harp, a pet dog at his feet.

(2) Oval; head and shoulders.

(3) Reproduced in Newman Flower's *Händel* (facing p. 330); Dr. Foss, the owner, is a direct descendant of Händel's sister, Dorothea Michaelson.

(4) Händel in a brown dress with a book of music; sold in the Cummings Sale at Christie's, December 17, 1915.

(5) School of Kneller; 30 in. × 25 in.; head and shoulders.

(6) Sold at Christie's, April 8, 1911; early English School; 19½ in. × 14½ in.; Händel in a green coat.

(7) The National Portrait Gallery, London, has a reproduction presented (before 1914) by Mr. W. H. Howes, Waterloo Road, Ipswich, Suffolk (England).

(8) Probably after a Hudson painting; v. reproduction of a print of this portrait in Spitta's article 'George Frederick Handel' (*Famous Composers and their Works*, Boston, 1892).

(9) 29½ in. × 24 in.; Händel in a blue coat and vest with white frills; sold in the Cummings sale at Christie's, December 17, 1915, to Mr. Ellis, who in turn sold it to Mr. Lane of 'Bodley Head.'

(10) Three-quarter length. Händel in a skull-cap, holding a roll of music; this portrait is sometimes attributed to Hogarth; it was sold, as a Hogarth, in a Christie sale in July, 1909, to a Mr. Felix Thornley Cobbold, who in turn willed it to the Fitzwilliam Museum (December 30, 1909). It should be pointed out here that Charles Turner did a mezzotint of this portrait, and that he stated that this print was done 'after a painting by Hogarth.' Further, a similar painting which is designated as a Hogarth now hangs in the Bibliothek Peters in Leipzig; the latter may or may not be a copy. The

Artist	Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
Denner, Balthasar	Oil ⁽¹¹⁾	c.1727/8	National Portrait Gallery, London
"	Oil	1736	Lord Sackville, Knole House, Sevenoaks, Kent
Grisoni, Giuseppe	Oil ⁽¹²⁾	c.1745	Fitzwilliam Museum
Heins (?)	Oil ⁽¹³⁾	1738	Mr. R. Leitner, Vienna (Austria), 1927
Hogarth, William	Oil	c.1724	Mr. Newman Flower
"	Oil ⁽¹⁴⁾	?	Bibliothek Peters, Leipzig (Germany)
"	Oil ⁽¹⁵⁾	?	Mrs. Gough Nichols, 1889
Hudson, Thomas ⁽¹⁶⁾	Oil ⁽¹⁷⁾	1748/9 type	Royal Society of Musicians, London
"	Oil	"	Royal Society of Musicians, London
"	Oil ⁽¹⁸⁾	"	Bodleian Library (now in Examinations Schools)
"	Oil	"	Stadtbibliothek, Hamburg (Germany)
"	Oil ⁽¹⁹⁾	"	Mrs. Robert F. Jeffreys, Philadelphia, Pa. (U.S.A.)
"	Oil ⁽²⁰⁾	"	Oxford University, Examinations Schools, Oxford

existing evidence, then, seems to point to Hogarth, as the artist responsible for this painting.

(11) 30 in. × 25 in.; bust to the left; Händel, wearing a light wig, drab-coloured coat and a white cravat; reproduced in Flower, *op. cit.*, facing p. 232.

(12) Head and shoulders; reproduced on cover of Gustav Thormälius's *Georg Friedrich Händel*. A fine copy, formerly in the possession of Victor Schoelcher, may be seen in the Musée de l'Opéra, Paris.

(13) A group portrait (197 cm. × 148 cm.), signed Hains: 'G. F. Handel and his friends'; the National Portrait Gallery has a reproduction.

(14) Reproduced in Thormälius, *op. cit.* This is possibly a copy of the Dandridge portrait and has been erroneously attributed to Hogarth.

(15) A group portrait (22 in. × 18½ in.); 'Handel, Farinelli, and Mrs. Fox Lane'; exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, London (Catalogue: No. 116).

(16) It seems improbable that Hudson should have painted the many portraits that appear under his name in this list; undoubtedly, many are contemporary or later copies. The Hudson portraits will be separated into two categories: the 1748/9 type and the 1756 type; this is found necessary because very few of the paintings are dated.

(17) Reproduced (woodcut) in *The Musical Times*, Dec. 14, 1893.

(18) Canvas (50 in. × 40 in.); three-quarter length; Händel seated, head turned three-quarters right, warm-grey velvet coat embroidered with gold, over a partly-opened dark pink waistcoat; the left arm rests on books and papers on a carved table, the hand holding some sheets of music; the right hand on hip; reproduced in Spielmann's *English Portrait Painting*. A painting based on this portrait is preserved in St. Michael's College, Tenbury.

(19) Formerly in the possession of Dr. Wm. Cummings; oval; Händel in a crimson coat embroidered with gold braid; reproduced in *The Musical Times*, Dec. 14, 1893.

(20) Canvas; 31½ in. × 28 in.; oval; bust to left; head turned toward spectator; large, white wig over shoulders; snuff-coloured coat with gold embroidered edge; given to the music school by George Colman, M.A., of Christ Church, c. 1754.

Artist	Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
Hudson, Thomas	Oil ⁽²¹⁾	1748/9 type	Mr. Newman Flower
"	Oil ⁽²²⁾	1756 type	State Apartments, Kensington Palace, London
"	Oil ⁽²³⁾	"	National Portrait Gallery
"	Oil ⁽²⁴⁾	"	Lord Howe, Gopsall
"	Oil ⁽²⁵⁾	"	King's Private Gallery, Bucking- ham Palace, London
"	Oil ⁽²⁶⁾	"	Mr. A. F. Hill, London
"	Oil ⁽²⁷⁾	?	Mr. Glyka, 1931
"	Oil ⁽²⁸⁾	?	Mr. Parsons, 1914
"	Oil ⁽²⁹⁾	?	Mr. Storey, 1929
"	Oil ⁽³⁰⁾	?	Mr. Field, 1922
"	Oil ⁽³¹⁾	?	Mr. Charles, 1922
Jäger, Carl	Oil ⁽³²⁾	1873	?
Knapp, George	Pastel ⁽³³⁾	?	?
Kneller, Sir Godfrey (attributed to)	Oil ⁽³⁴⁾	?	Foundling Hospital, London
"	Oil ⁽³⁵⁾	?	D. W. Wise, Esq., Rosemead, Ilfracombe, Devonshire, April, 1908

(21) Three-quarter length portrait (124 cm. × 97 cm.) on linen; Handel holding his hand on a book of music with the inscription: 'Alexander's Feast.' This portrait was shown at the Handel Exhibition (1859) and at the Vienna Exhibition (1892). It was sold by Karl Ernest Henrici, Berlin, in 1928 (v. Auktionskatalog CXXX). Formerly (1928) in the possession of Dr. Harry E. Smith, Streatham, London (England).

(22) Large head framed in a laurel wreath.

(23) 48½ in. × 39 in.; three-quarter length.

(24) The 'Gopsall' portrait; 94 in. × 58 in.; full-length; Handel seated, wearing a gold laced coat, a stick in his right hand; reproduced in Flower, *op. cit.*, facing p. 224.

(25) A duplicate of the 'Gopsall' portrait.

(26) Probably a copy of the 'Gopsall' Hudson; similar to the National Portrait Gallery Hudson; reproduced in Flower, *op. cit.* (frontispiece).

(27) Sold at Christie's, Feb. 6, 1931; 35½ in. × 27½ in.; Handel in a brown coat with embroidered vest, holding some music.

(28) Sold at Christie's, March 6, 1914; 48 in. × 37 in.; Handel in a brown coat and yellow vest, holding a book.

(29) Sold at Christie's, June 14, 1929; 49 in. × 39 in.; Handel in a red coat with white frills, holding the music of 'The Messiah.'

(30) Three-quarter length; 54 in. × 40 in.; sold at Sotheby's, July 19, 1922.

(31) Three-quarter length; oval, 58 in. × 51 in.; sold at Sotheby's, July 25/26, 1922; Handel seated in brownish-green coat.

(32) Reproduced as an engraving by J. Bankel in Rimbault's *Gallery of German Composers* (London, Frederick Bruckmann, 1875).

(33) Contemporary; reproduced in *The Connoisseur* (London), vol. viii, No. 229, p. 21 (September, 1920).

(34) Reproduced in Flower, *op. cit.* (facing p. 278).

(35) The Fitzwilliam Museum has two photographs of this very questionable painting.

Artist	Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
Kyle, Francis	Oil ⁽³⁶⁾	1742	National Portrait Gallery
Mercier, Philippe	Oil ⁽³⁷⁾	c.1748	Lord Malmesbury, Heron Court
Reynolds, Sir Joshua (attributed to)	Oil ⁽³⁸⁾	?	Mr. Myers, London, 1917
Richardson, Jonathan (the elder) (attributed to)	Oil	c.1723	Mr. S. Wise, London
Thornhill, Sir James	Oil ⁽³⁹⁾	c.1720	Fitzwilliam Museum
Tischbein [Johann Anton ?]	Oil ⁽⁴⁰⁾	?	?
Van der Banck, Jan	Oil ⁽⁴¹⁾	?	Lord Howe
Van der Myn, Hermann	Oil ⁽⁴²⁾	?	National Portrait Gallery
Wolfgang, Georg Andreas	Black Crayon and Sepia ⁽⁴³⁾	1737	Bibliothek Peters

II—MINIATURES

Artist	Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
Anon.	?	?	Windsor Castle, ⁽⁴⁴⁾ Windsor
„ (45)	?	?	Mr. Newman Flower, Sevenoaks, Kent
„	Ring ⁽⁴⁶⁾	1755 (?)	George Donaldson Collection, Royal College of Music, London
Boit, Charles ⁽⁴⁷⁾	?	?	Lord Beauchamp, Madresfield Court, Worcestershire

(36) Reproduced in *Grove*, 1927 edition (ii, facing p. 506).

(37) Canvas, 50 in. x 40 in.; reproduced in Streatfield's *Handel* (frontispiece). In the collection of Herr Clemen of Bonn (Germany) is preserved a copy of this portrait done (c. 1825) by a Miss Benson of London, and reproduced by Breitkopf and Härtel.

(38) Sold at Sotheby's, May 21, 1917; 7 in. x 9 in., on a panel, showing Händel crowned by the muse. Formerly in the possession of Dr. William Cummings, London.

(39) The 'Chandos' portrait; reproduced by Breitkopf and Härtel.

(40) Mentioned in Gerber's *Lexicon der Tonkünstler* (Leipzig, Breitkopf, 1790), i, 571; ii, 63—where it is described as a breastpiece, life size, in oil, painted by Tischbein, in the possession (1790) of Herr Hoforganist Kellner, Cassel (Germany). The reference to this portrait in *Grove* (ii, 515) is inaccurate; it is given there as Forkel ii, a meaningless term.

(41) Three-quarter length.

(42) Händel in a brown coat with embroidered yellow vest.

(43) Reproduced in Fritz Volbach's *G. Fr. Händel*.

(44) Frame No. 3, No. 18 in the collection.

(45) By a contemporary artist, probably after the 'Gopsall' Hudson portrait.

(46) Possibly after the Buckingham Palace Hudson portrait; v. *The Musical Times*, 1905 (xvi, 99).

(47) Contemporary with Händel; v. reproduction of this miniature in Wilhelm Nisser's *Michael Dahl*, London, 1927 (plate LV).

Artist	Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
<i>Bulkeley, Samuel</i>	Plumbago ⁽⁴⁸⁾	?	Victoria and Albert Museum, London
<i>Hogarth, William</i> ⁽⁴⁹⁾ (attributed to)	?	?	Earl of Carlisle
<i>Lens, Bernard</i>	Ivory ⁽⁵⁰⁾	c.1710	Mr. Francis Wellesley (1921)
<i>Platzer, Christoph</i>	Vellum ⁽⁵¹⁾	?	"
<i>Wolfgang, Georg Andreas</i>	?	?	Windsor Castle ⁽⁵²⁾
<i>Zincke, Christian Friedrich</i>	Enamel ⁽⁵³⁾	?	Victoria and Albert Museum
"	Enamel ⁽⁵⁴⁾	?	?
"	Enamel ⁽⁵⁵⁾	?	Mr. A. W. Clapham, London
"	Enamel ⁽⁵⁶⁾	?	Duke of Buccleuch, London
(attributed to)			
"	Enamel ⁽⁵⁷⁾	?	"

III—PRINTS

Artist	Medium	Date	Source
<i>Angus, Wilh.</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁵⁸⁾	1784	<i>Kyle</i> painting
<i>Anon.</i>	Etching ⁽⁵⁹⁾	?	?
"	Mezzotint ⁽⁶⁰⁾	?	'Gopsall' <i>Hudson</i> painting
"	Line Engraving	?	<i>J. H. O'Neal's</i> drawing of <i>Roubiliac</i> Westminster monument

(48) On vellum; oval, $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $2\frac{1}{4}$ in.; half-length, viewed to the right, eyes looking full; open coat, long white neck-cloth, and short full wig.

(49) Contemporary; v. reproduction of this miniature in J. J. Foster's, *British Miniature Painters*, London, 1898 (plate XXX, facing p. 64).

(50) Of doubtful authenticity; rectangular, 7 in. \times $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.; 'Händel' reclining, holding an oboe; exhibited at Brussels in 1912 (Catalogue); the National Portrait Gallery, London, has a photograph.

(51) Reproduced in Flower, *op. cit.* (facing p. 62); oval, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.

(52) Frame No. 57, No. 8 in the collection.

(53) Reproduced in *The Musical Times*, December 14, 1893 (p. 6); oval, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. \times $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.

(54) Händel wearing a wig and a plum-coloured coat trimmed with gold braid; this miniature was shown in the Guelph Exhibition in 1891 (Catalogue: No. 1164); probably after the 'Gopsall' *Hudson* painting. [Sold in the Baroness Burdett-Coutts sale at Christie's, May 9, 1922 (Lot 421).]

(55) Formerly in the possession of Arthur F. Hill, Esq., New Bond Street, London.

(56) In *Mackay's* catalogue (H.7); Händel in a brown coat; very rubicund face.

(57) In *Mackay's* catalogue (H.11); Händel in a blue coat.

(58) In *The European Magazine* (London), March, 1784.

(59) Händel directing an oratorio (British Museum, Dept. of Prints: 1856.7.12.210).

(60) Specimen in the British Museum, Dept. of Prints (Burney Collection: iv, 72).

Artist	Medium	Date	Source
Anon.	Woodcut ⁽⁶¹⁾	1784	?
Armstrong	Line Engraving ⁽⁶²⁾	1806	Kyte painting (?)
Bankel, J.	Line Engraving ⁽⁶³⁾	1873	Jäger painting
Bartolozzi, Francesco	Line Engraving ⁽⁶⁴⁾	1784	G. B. Cipriani drawing
"	Line Engraving ⁽⁶⁵⁾	1785	E. F. Burney drawing of the 1784 commemoration medal
"	Stipple Engraving ⁽⁶⁶⁾	1789	Blasius Rebeccadrawing of the Roubilliac Vauxhall statue
"	Line Engraving ⁽⁶⁷⁾	?	G. B. Cipriani drawing
Becker, Carl	Line Engraving	1890	Hamburg Hudson painting
Belliard, Z.	Lithograph	?	Royal Society of Musicians Hudson painting
Bollinger	Line Engraving	?	"
Bradley, Thomas	Line Engraving	1823	A Hudson painting
Bromley, W.	Line Engraving ⁽⁶⁸⁾	1789	Bodleian Hudson painting
Brown, W.	Impression from a gem ⁽⁶⁹⁾	?	?
Burney, E. F.	Line Engraving	?	Roubilliac Westminster monument
Chambers, Thomas	Line Engraving ⁽⁷⁰⁾	1760	Roubilliac Foundling Hospital bust (?)
Chapman, W.	Line Engraving	1790	Buckingham Palace Hudson painting (breastpiece)
Cook, H. R.	Stipple Engraving ⁽⁷¹⁾	1829	Royal Society of Musicians Hudson painting
Day and Sons	Lithograph	?	Bodleian Hudson painting
Deblois, C.	Line Engraving ⁽⁷²⁾	[1822]	Clement painting

(61) For the admission ticket to the Händel Commemoration.

(62) 'Handell' in one of a group of oval portraits (Hogarth, Reynolds, and Grey); in *The History of England* (vol. iv, frontispiece). London, printed for T. Cadell, et. al., 1823.

(63) In Rimbault's *Gallery of German Composers* (London, Frederick Bruckmann, 1873).

(64) In Arnold's edition of *The Works of Handel*.

(65) In Charles Burney's *An Account of the Musical Performances in Westminster Abbey*.

(66) In Arnold, *op. cit.*

(67) Oval (3½ in. x 2½ in.) on a folio sheet with quotations from Pope's *Dunciad* and Milton's *L'Allegro*. The National Portrait Gallery has an example.

(68) In Arnold, *op. cit.*

(69) Exhibited at the Royal Academy (London) in 1812 (Catalogue: No. 620).

(70) In Mainwaring's *Memoirs of the Life of George Frederick Handel* (frontispiece).

(71) With facsimile of Händel's autograph.

(72) v. reproduction in Spitta, *op. cit.*

Artist	Medium	Date	Source
<i>Delattre, Jean Marie</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁷³⁾	1785	<i>E. F. Burney</i> engraving of <i>Roubiliac</i> Westminster monument
<i>Delius, H.</i>	?	?	<i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Delpesch</i>	Lithograph	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Drochmer, Hermann</i>	Line Engraving	?	"
<i>Esslinger, Martin</i>	Line Engraving	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Faber, John (jun.)</i>	Mezzotint ⁽⁷⁴⁾	1748	"
<i>Galanis</i>	Woodcut ⁽⁷⁵⁾	1925	?
<i>Goldar</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁷⁶⁾	1785	<i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Grignon, C.</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁷⁷⁾	1776	"
<i>Hanhart, M. and N.</i>	Lithograph	?	<i>August Selb's</i> drawing of the Buckingham Palace <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Harding, E.</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁷⁸⁾	1799	National Portrait Gallery <i>Denner</i> painting
<i>Hardy</i>	Mezzotint	?	'Gopsall' <i>Hudson</i> painting (?)
<i>Heath, James</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁷⁹⁾	1787	?
<i>Heckel, C. Ferd.</i>	Line Engraving	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Henne, E.</i>	Line Engraving	1785 ⁽⁸⁰⁾	<i>Delattre</i> engraving of <i>Roubiliac</i> Westminster monument
<i>Hinckley, J. J.</i>	Mixed Processes	?	<i>Bodleian Hudson</i> painting
<i>Hinton, J.</i>	Line Engraving	?	<i>Chambers</i> engraving of <i>Roubiliac</i> Foundling Hospital bust
<i>Hoffmann, Rud.</i>	Lithograph	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Holl, W.</i>	Stipple Engraving ⁽⁸¹⁾	1799	<i>Wolfgang</i> painting
<i>Houbraken, Jakob</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁸²⁾	?	<i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Kovatsch, Jos.</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁸³⁾	?	?
<i>Künicke</i>	Lithograph	?	<i>Roubiliac</i> Foundling Hospital bust

(73) In Burney, *op. cit.*

(74) A second state of this print is dated 1749.

(75) In *La Revue Musicale*, vi, No. 2, p. 202 (Feb. 1925).(76) 'London: Engraved for Harrison's Edition of Rapin.' [*History of England*.](77) In Hawkins' *History of Music* (v, 262), London, 1776.(78) In Cox, *Anecdotes of George Frederick Handel and John Christopher Smith* (frontispiece).

(79) Title: 'Apotheosis of Handel.'

(80) Another state appeared in 1800.

(81) Plate to the *Biographical Magazine* (London), 1819.

(82) Later reduced by J. Caldwell.

(83) Published in 'Wien bei Artaria et Comp.'

Artist	Medium	Date	Source
<i>Landon, C. P.</i>	?	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Lewis, Fred. Carl</i>	Stipple Engraving ⁽⁸⁴⁾	1828	<i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Lowry</i>	Line Engraving ⁽⁸⁵⁾	1785	<i>Kyte</i> painting (?)
<i>McRae</i> ⁽⁸⁶⁾	?	?	?
<i>Michelet, J. C.</i>	Woodcut	?	After <i>E. Jeanmaire's</i> drawing of the <i>Salmson</i> statue
<i>Miller</i>	Line Engraving	1749	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Phelps, Richard</i>	Drawing ⁽⁸⁷⁾	c.1746	Bodleian <i>Hudson</i> painting or <i>Faber</i> mezzotint
<i>Purday, S. T.</i>	Lithograph ⁽⁸⁸⁾	?	A <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Read, David Charles</i>	Etching ⁽⁸⁹⁾	1830	After a <i>Hogarth</i> painting
<i>Riedel, C. T.</i>	Line Engraving	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Riepenhausen, Ernest Ludwig</i>	?	1820	<i>Houbraken</i> engraving of <i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Rollfsen, F. N.</i>	Line Engraving	1761	<i>Chambars</i> engraving of <i>Roubiliac</i> Foundling Hospital bust
<i>Roussaux and Grandjean</i>	Lithograph	?	Bodleian <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Sartain, J.</i>	Mixed Processes	?	"
<i>Schertle</i>	?	?	<i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Schmidt, Georg Fr.</i>	Line Engraving	?	<i>Houbraken</i> engraving of <i>Kyte</i> painting
<i>Schuster, Rudolph</i>	Line Engraving	1887	Hamburg <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Sherwin, J. K.</i>	Stipple Engraving ⁽⁹⁰⁾	1784(?)	<i>B. Rebecca</i> drawing probably of a <i>Roubiliac</i> bust
<i>Sichling, L. G.</i>	Line Engraving	?	Bodleian <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Smith, A.</i>	Line Engraving	1794	"
<i>Thomson, J.</i>	Stipple Engraving ⁽⁹¹⁾	1833	Buckingham Palace <i>Hudson</i> painting
<i>Turner, Charles</i>	Mezzotint ⁽⁹²⁾	1821	<i>Hogarth</i> [<i>Dandridge</i>] painting

(84) With a facsimile of Händel's autograph.

(85) In the *New London Magazine*; published by Alexr. Hogg, at the Kings Arms, No. 16 Paternoster Row, September 1, 1785.

(86) A print, by this artist, is in the Newman Flower Collection.

(87) Black and white chalk; 'Mr. Handel, an eminent Musician' (British Museum, Dept. of Prints: 1918.11.22.1).

(88) 'For Dr. Carnaby's edition of the Messiah.'

(89) 9½ in. × 8 in. Bust to right; Händel in a fur cap.

(90) In Burney, *op. cit.*

(91) 14½ in. × 11½ in.; in Knight's *Gallery of Portraits*.

(92) 14½ in. × 11½ in.

Artist	Medium	Date	Source
Waldow, A.	Lithograph	?	Royal Society of Musicians <i>Hudson</i> painting
Weger, A.	Line Engraving	?	"
Whessel, J.	?	?	"
Wintler, E. v.	Lithograph	1815	National Portrait Gallery <i>Hudson</i> painting
Wolf, L.	?	?	<i>Roubiliac</i> bust
Wolfgang, Johann Georg	Line Engraving ⁽⁹³⁾	?	G. A. Wolfgang painting

IV—SCULPTURES

Artist	Type and Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
Anon. ⁽⁹⁴⁾	Medallion (Marble)	?	Private Chapel, Betton House, Lincolnshire
" ⁽⁹⁵⁾	Bust (Bronze)	?	Mr. Cummings (not Dr. Wm.), London, 1917
Grass, A.	Bas-Relief ⁽⁹⁶⁾	?	?
Heidel, Hermann	Statue	1859	Halle a.d.S. (Germany)
Pingo, Thomas	Impression from a Bust in Steel ⁽⁹⁷⁾	?	?
Roubiliac, Louis François ⁽⁹⁸⁾	Statue ⁽⁹⁹⁾	1738	Novello & Co., London
"	Monument ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾	1761	Westminster Abbey, London
"	Bust (Bronze) ⁽¹⁰¹⁾	?	Mr. B. F. Stevens, London, 1917
"	Bust (Marble) ⁽¹⁰²⁾	1739	Windsor Castle, Windsor

⁽⁹³⁾ Published with two different titles: 'Georg Frideric Handel' and 'George Frederick Handel'; the engraving is otherwise the same.

⁽⁹⁴⁾ Possibly by Roubiliac.

⁽⁹⁵⁾ By a contemporary French sculptor; bust (13 in. high) of Handel in a full-bottomed wig.

⁽⁹⁶⁾ A group-portrait: Handel with others, possibly the same as the marble medallion in the exhibition of the Royal Academy (London), 1867 (Catalogue: No. 1093). This bas-relief was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1859 (Catalogue: No. 1335).

⁽⁹⁷⁾ Exhibited in 1771 by the Free Society of Artists (Catalogue: No. 198).

⁽⁹⁸⁾ v. the catalogue of the Roubiliac Sale (quoted in *Esdaile*). The following works are mentioned: 1 bust (plaster mould); 1 bust (terra-cotta); 6 busts (plaster); 2 medals (plaster); 1 'bronze'; and 1 monument (mould and 4 designs).

⁽⁹⁹⁾ v. reproductions in *Esdaile*, facing p. 36. The signed and dated terra-cotta model for this statue, by Roubiliac, is preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

⁽¹⁰⁰⁾ The Roubiliac terra-cotta model for this monument is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Original casts from the head of the monument are preserved in the British and Fitzwilliam Museums. Monument reproduced (process block) in *The Musical Times*, December 14, 1893.

⁽¹⁰¹⁾ Handel in turban on a marble column, the whole 15½ in. high.

⁽¹⁰²⁾ Inscription: 'Handel Actatis Suae. 54 M.D. CC. XXXIX.' (v. reproduction in *Esdaile*, facing p. 50). The plaster model for this bust is preserved in the Foundling Hospital, London.

Artist	Type and Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
<i>Roubiliac Louis Francois</i>	Bust (Marble) ⁽¹⁰³⁾	?	?
"	Bust (Marble) ⁽¹⁰⁴⁾	?	?
"	Medallion (Plaster-cast) ⁽¹⁰⁵⁾	?	Sir John Soane Museum, London
"	Death-mask (Mould and several casts) ⁽¹⁰⁶⁾	[1759(?)] ?	
<i>Salmson, Jules</i>	Statue (Marble)	?	L'Opéra, Paris (France)

V—METAL PIECES

Artist	Type and Medium	Date	Present Owner or Location
<i>Anon.</i>	Medal (Copper-gilt) ⁽¹⁰⁷⁾	1769(?)	British Museum
"	Medal (Gold ; Silver) ⁽¹⁰⁸⁾	1784	"
"	Medal (Bronze ; Brass) ⁽¹⁰⁹⁾	1791(?)	"
"	Medal (Bronze) ⁽¹¹⁰⁾	1857	"
"	Medal (Bronze) ⁽¹¹¹⁾	1859	"
<i>Wolff, F.</i>	Medal (Bronze) ⁽¹¹²⁾	1823	"

[A set of twenty tokens (19 of Coventry and one of Norwich) by Peter Kempson (sculptor) were issued c. 1797. All of these pieces have the same obverse, a bust of Händel. Tokens were circulated by corporations of towns and tradesmen in the eighteenth century, when there was a shortage of copper.]

(103) The terra-cotta in the National Portrait Gallery, London, England (v. reproduction in *Esdaile*, facing p. 50), is probably the model for this bust. The marble bust was mentioned in the catalogue of the Blackwood Sale (1778).

(104) Mentioned in the catalogue of the Stanley Sale (1786).

(105) Possibly identical with B.22, B.23, or D.33 of the Roubiliac Sale (v. the *Esdaile* summary of the Roubiliac sale-catalogue). Reproduced in *The Musical Times* (December, 1905).

(106) The author possesses a photograph of the cast which was sold in the Cummings sale at Sotheby's, May 17-24, 1917.

(107) Made for the Sheffield Musical Society; v. *The Musical Times*, 1899 (xl, 738).

(108) For the Händel-Commemoration, Westminster Abbey.

(109) For the 'Benevolent Choral Fund Instituted 1791 for its decay'd members widows and orphans'; there were three medals of this subject, all presenting only slight variation.

(110) For the Händel Festival at Crystal Palace, June, 1857.

(111) Händel-bust in relief, issued for the Centenary Commemoration.

(112) In the Durand series; v. *Medallie Illustrations* (ii, 696, No. 424).

VI—CARICATURES

Artist	Title	Medium	Present Owner or Location
Burney, E. F.	'Amateurs of the Tye Wig Concerts'	Water-colour ⁽¹¹³⁾	Mr. Ralph Edward, Victoria and Albert Museum
Goupy, Joseph	'The Charming Brute'	Pastel ⁽¹¹⁴⁾	Fitzwilliam Museum
Hogarth, William	'The Levée' ⁽¹¹⁵⁾	Oil	Sir John Soane Museum
"	'A Musical Study' ⁽¹¹⁶⁾	Oil	?

J. M. COOPERSMITH,
Cambridge, Mass.

⁽¹¹³⁾ 18½ in. × 24½ in.; exhibited at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, London—Winter, 1931/1932. A similar caricature, called 'An Elegant Establishment for Young Ladies,' may be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum; for a reproduction of the latter v. plate 34 in *The Victoria and Albert Museum Annual Review*.

⁽¹¹⁴⁾ 16½ in. × 12½ in. Goupy engraved two caricatures after this pastel: (1) *The true Representation and Character Ec* ('The Harmonious Boar') is probably the earlier (c. 1754); (2) *The Charming Brute* is dated March 21, 1754. Specimens of both prints are preserved in the British Museum (3272 and 3273, respectively).

⁽¹¹⁵⁾ No. 2 in the series, 'The Rake's Progress,' painted and engraved in 1735; the Harpsichordist is said to be Händel.

⁽¹¹⁶⁾ Engraved in 1809 by T. Cook; this print may be seen in the British Museum, Dept. of Prints (Burney Collection: iv. 74).

HANDEL'S BLINDNESS

On the cause of Handel's blindness, as of Milton's, it is not possible to be dogmatic.

At the close of the second act in the autograph of *Jephtha* Handel writes (Feb. 13, 1751) that weakness in his left eye prevented him from continuing that composition. At the end of that year he had lost the sight of one eye. Rockstro (*Life of Handel*, p. 350) quotes the opinion of Samuel Sharp, of Guy's Hospital, that he suffered from *gutta serena*, and that the outlook was bad. *Gutta serena* was, till Helmholtz's discovery of the ophthalmoscope (1851), the term applied to blind eyes which showed to the naked eye no gross evidence of disease. Rockstro also quotes from the *Theatrical Register*, May 4, 1752: 'Yesterday George Frederick Handel was couched by William Bromfield,⁽¹⁾ surgeon to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.' On January 27, 1753, it was stated that 'Mr. Handel has quite lost his sight, although he was able to see for some little time after the operation.' He underwent three successive operations. The Chevalier Taylor (see monograph by George Coats, Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital Reports, Vol. 20), a notorious charlatan, claimed that he had operated on Handel, and said he was hopeful, 'but on drawing the curtain we found the bottom was defective.'

Couching was then the usual operation for cataract, and is so still in India among the native couchers. The cataract was depressed into the bottom of the eyeball by passing a small probe through a puncture in the coat of the eyeball and turning the opaque lens out of the pupillary area. Taylor's metaphor of 'drawing the curtain' is applicable to couching. The operation was almost certainly performed by Bromfield. The cataract may have become obvious only after Sharp had diagnosed *gutta serena*.

Examination of the photo of the death-mask shows that the eyes are open and looking to the right, with a squint more apparent than real; the cornea (clear part of the front of the eyeball), particularly of the right eye, seems unduly prominent, and the surface of each is uneven and pitted, though this may be only a defect in the cast. That the lower jaw is not dropped suggests that the body was properly laid out. The bulging may suggest a *staphylomatous* eye from long continued raised pressure in the eyeball, but this is rather speculative and would have involved much pain, of which there is no record.

On the whole the probability is that Handel was couched for cataract and in nine months was practically blind, possibly from *glaucoma* set up by the operation, which was not at all an infrequent occurrence in those days.

R. R. JAMES.

(1) Should be 'Bromfield.'



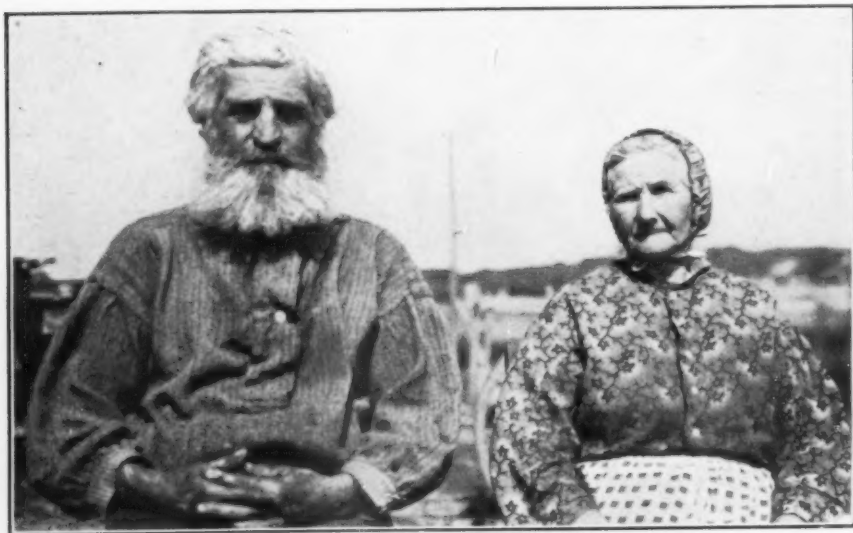
GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL

Cast of a death mask by

LOUIS FRANCOIS ROUBILIAC



Mme. Napoléon Lachance, of Ile d'Orléans, Quebec, spinning wool. She is one of the best weavers of homespun on the island.



Old Mr. Dallaire, a folk-singer, and his wife, of Argentenay, Ile d'Orléans.

FOLK-SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA

FOLK-SONGS were once a feature of the daily life of the French Canadians. They were as familiar as barley-bread to the home-keeping villagers of Quebec, Acadia, Detroit and Louisiana. They escorted the fur traders in their early explorations across the continent, and enlivened the echoes whenever the lumberjacks and the raftsmen appeared on the eastern Canadian rivers. Threshing and winnowing in the barn moved on to the rhythm of work tunes, as did spinning, weaving, beating the wash or rocking the cradle by the fireside. Children, lovers, mothers, workers, drinkers, all had their songs. People were musical in the old days.

When the *coureurs-des-bois* started on their long journeys along the rivers and the trails of the Far West, one or two hundred years ago, their qualities that counted most were imagination, endurance and a craving of adventure. Their love of fun and song was no less characteristic. Picking up the paddle, the canoe-men resorted to song at once, better to work in unison and keep their spirits from flagging.

The vast traditional resources of the French Canadians—their songs, folk-tales and manual arts—have contributed much to their cheerfulness and optimism. They rendered their services indispensable to the early discoverers and to the fur-trading companies for over two centuries. They also account for their love of home and country in the east. A legacy of the past, they have proved a valuable asset in the formation of their national character.

Not many song records, however, have come down to us that antedate 1865. Ernest Gagnon published at that date his *Chansons populaires du Canada*, a small but valuable collection. The idea then went abroad that his effort, modest though it was, had drained the fount of local tradition. More songs might have been recorded before they had passed away; but modern life had hushed all folk-singers alike. Tale and legend had vanished for ever. The impression among the musicians was that our folk-songs, as represented in the Gagnon collection, were very limited in number and of no great musical importance.

I shared this misconception myself for many years, until some interesting survivals by the roadside piqued my curiosity. A

systematic search during the summer months nearly twenty years ago opened wide vistas. There were still good folk-singers, not a few. They were brimful of songs, over a hundred songs to one singer alone—more than the whole Gagnon set itself. Their tunes were fresh, rhythmic and spirited as in their hey-day. Till then I had heard nothing more picturesque, more refreshing. The panorama of ancient French life at the Court, in town or in the country lanes, was brought back into existence. The miracles and dark tragedies of mediæval times were retold as if merely of yesterday. No survival of the past could be more vital and inspiring. It seemed no longer possible that the traditions of a people could sink into oblivion from morning to night.

In the past fifteen years, over 6,500 versions of songs were taken down in writing from various parts of Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and New England—where Canadian emigrants are numerous—and about 4,000 melodies were recorded on the phonograph. And 3,000 records likewise were made, in the same period, of Indian songs from all over the country.

To observe folk-songs in the making had been my hope from the first. Songs and tales were belonging exclusively to the country-side. More than anything else, they painted rustic life from within. Singers in a gathering would burst into new songs. My chance might place me there at the right moment. In this anticipation I overlooked no opportunity, on the seashore or in the fields, by the fireside or in occasional festive gatherings.

The folk-singers I heard were talented; their memory was prolific; their stock of songs was novel and inexhaustible. But they never gave free rein to improvisation, never ventured into new paths. They did not compose poems and melodies, but simply repeated what they had learned in childhood. That improvisation to their knowledge never happened was repeatedly confirmed. True enough, they spoke of some poets of the backwoods who could string rhymes and stanzas together on a given theme to suit local demand. But these were mere individuals, shorn of mystic powers. Their manner was not unlike that of ordinary poets. They plodded over their tasks and tallied their lines to a familiar tune. The result was uncouth and commonplace. There was nowhere a fresh source of inspiration; only imitation, crude and slavish.

It became obvious that a wide discrepancy existed between the actual facts and the theory of Grimm, still current in the English-speaking world, that folk-songs and perhaps tales are the fruit of collective inspiration. How puzzling it seemed when the Quebec

singers were compared with American negroes and Balkan peasants who are said to indulge in poetic outbursts when gathered together for group singing. If illiterate folk truly possess the gift of collective utterance, why not they as well as their forefathers or the Serbians or the negroes of the lower Mississippi?

Group psychology may differ according to people—or folklorists may err in their theories. For my part, I have lost faith in the century-old theory as applied to the French field in America—and for that, in France as well. It seems to rest on sentiment rather than close observation, on a blind faith in mob genius, such as we meet in several nineteenth century writers.

Tabulating the first collection of records and comparing them with those of provincial France made it clear that nineteen, say, out of twenty Quebec songs were fairly ancient; they had come with the seventeenth century immigrants from overseas to their new woodland homes. The remainder was from the pen of obscure Canadian scribes and clerics, or from the brain of rustic song-makers.

The problems of musical transcription from the wax records and of presentation soon came to the fore. It was planned to proceed with publication. But it was not easy to decide so soon as to the best method. Since the songs were of the people and their own creation—the Grimm theory still held sway over us—they should be meticulously transcribed; the several variants of one song, from different singers, should be printed separately as they stood. This was one point of view.

Yet lapses of memory, flaws and inversions could be observed in most of the records. Many songs, through age, were in an advanced stage of decay. Should everything be reproduced, mistakes and all, without discrimination? Some variants were better and more complete than others. Metric designs and musical phrases of varied lengths were everywhere in evidence. The songs were far from formless; but it was difficult to analyse the rules, whether constant or not, which provided them with patterns and rhythms. No conclusion could be reached at that stage.

While it was evident that transcriptions must be a faithful reproduction of the originals on the phonograph, the plan for publication was deferred through the continuous arrival of new accessions from month to month. Experience in time would clarify our understanding and suggest methods in keeping with the materials.

Our records can be sorted out according to their nature and origin.

The first group, by way of elimination, and the least important,

consists of the songs composed in America, the songs of the land—perhaps only ten per cent. of the whole.

All the others have come from France more or less in their present state. The least part of these was composed in the last three centuries and imported into Canada by way of broadsheets and books of canticles. Others, also fairly modern, are more truly in the folk-song vein, the marching and other songs brought over orally after 1680 by mixed immigrants—soldiers, priests, teachers and the like.

Then we come to the bulk of the repertory—the true folk-songs, those of the early immigrants of New France, between 1608 and 1673.

Thus we find three classes of songs: The Canadian-made; those introduced here since 1680, and mostly composed or transmitted by way of writing; and last, the genuine folk-songs of old France.

The singers themselves could give little information as to the origin of their mental heirlooms, beyond telling from whom they had received them in childhood. Only a few of the most recent—election and political ditties and mournful songs on drownings and traffic deaths—could be traced back to their source. It was the singers' wont merely to rehearse what had come down to them from the dim past. A song five centuries old was given next to another dating back two generations. Some Gaspé fisher-folk would call the age-worn *complainte* of 'The Tragic Home-coming' by the name of Poirier, a singer still remembered by the elders, as if he were its author. Others claimed that the canticle of Alexis was as much as a hundred years old, when it was more nearly a thousand. Their notions of origin were not worth serious consideration.

True Canadian folk-songs, the songs composed on the shores of the St. Lawrence, in Acadia and in the North-West, usually lacked style and literary distinction. Their words sometimes were fitted on to an old melody; elsewhere the tune seemed original.

If the melody in these songs of the *terroir* (the land) was usually superior to the words, the reason is that it was adapted from good prototypes, or else was invented by rustic bards better endowed in melody than in lyrics; which is quite probable. Rhythm and tune are more elemental than grammar and verse; they are nearer nature. Talent and the familiar knowledge of many tunes were fair musical guides, whereas mastery in language and prosody is the fruit of organised training. The song of *La Plainte du Coureur-des-bois* is a good instance. Musicians are likely to respond to its moving appeal.

But the lines, stripped of their melody, will not be mistaken for well-groomed poetry.

La plainte du cœur. Bis

1. Le six de mai - l'année dernier', là-haut je me suis en-ga-
 je. là-haut je me suis en-ga-gé - Pour y faire un long voya-
 ge. Al-ler aux pa-ys hauts, - par-mi tous les sa-u-vages. Ah!
 que l'hiver est long - que ce temps est en-nuyant! Nuit et
 jour - mon cœur soupire - De voir venir le doux prin-temps, de
 le beau et doux prin-temps - Car c'est lui qui console
 les malheureux amants Avec leurs amours fol-les.

1. Le six de mai, / l'année dernier',
 Là-haut je me suis engagé; (bis)
 Pour y faire / un long voyage,
 Aller aux pays hauts,
 Parmi tous les sauvages.

Ah! que l'hiver est long,
 Que ce temps est ennuyant!
 Nuit et jour mon cœur soupire
 De voir venir le doux printemps,
 Le beau et doux printemps,
 Car c'est lui qui console
 Les malheureux amants
 Avec leurs amours folles.

2. Quand le printemps / est arrivé,
 Les vents d'avril soufflent dans nos voiles
 Pour revenir / dans mon pays.
 Au coin de Saint-Sulpice,
 J'irai saluer m'amie,
 Qui est la plus jolie.

Qui en a fait la chanson?
 C'est un jeune garçon,
 S'en allant à la voile,
 La chantant tout au long.
 Elle est bien véritable.
 Adieu, tous les sauvages,
 Adieu, les pays hauts,
 Adieu, les grand's misères!

Tunes are more fluid than song texts. They can easily be altered without an irreparable loss. Several variants of a melody may be equally good; it is not usually possible to tell which is closer to the original. But a poetic word cluster once lost is irretrievable. A scar takes its place, with words casually thrown in by the singers to hold up the tune. Such lacunæ—some of them quite old—disfigure many of our best records.

The ancient French melodies in the past three hundred years of constant use in Canada have undergone marked changes, perhaps no less than in France. They do not resemble closely their French equivalents. Parallels, indeed, are the rare exceptions, particularly in the old songs; which is partly due to the paucity of French records for comparison. The same words may be sung to several tunes, according to their use. Few of these tunes, on both sides of the Atlantic, correspond, though the poems are much alike, in spite of variations.

For that reason of melodic fluidity, the tunes in our repertory are more Canadian than the words. Their local colour is pronounced. Yet they retain a mediæval flavour. Whatever gradual changes happened, the character and technique remained largely the same as at the beginning. Singing in the remote districts of Quebec, like Charlevoix and Gaspé, is more archaic than elsewhere, through prolonged isolation and ingrained conservatism.

Canadian folklore on the whole represents an old strata of the French, which has been mostly submerged in the old country by modern things. The provinces around Paris were constantly invaded by new accessions, whereas the St. Lawrence had to be satisfied with its ancient heirlooms alone, for the lack of novelties of which the people are always fond.

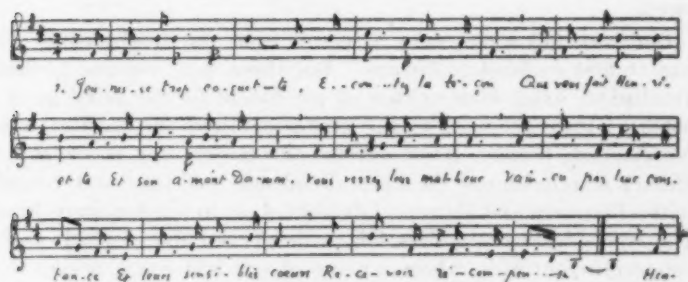
The distinction between the newer and older French songs in Canada was not very clear. The work of collecting had to proceed cautiously. It was necessary to eliminate some of them. Their songs, particularly at points within easy reach of town, were not all of folk extraction. A singer's repertory was like a curiosity shop; trifles and recent importations vied with old-time relics.

The French 'romances' of 1820-40 once were the fashion. Not a few of them somehow had found their way into America, in print or otherwise, and filtered down into the older strata of local lore, where they still persist, like the satires on Bonaparte, long after their

demise in the homeland. Many songs would pass from mouth to mouth until they no longer remained the exclusive favourites of school and barracks. Country folk would be on the look out for just such novelties as we were careful to dodge.

Compilations printed in Canada and ballad sheets imported from France (*imageries d'Epinal et de Metz*) spread their influence to many quarters. Among the additions from this latter source we count *Pyrame et Thisbé*, on an old Greek theme, *Damon et Henriette*, a mediæval story, *Cartouche et Mandrin* and *Le Juif errant* (the Wandering Jew). The length of these exceeds that of ordinary folk-songs. They also have a literary turn, charming yet a bit faded, in the manner of Aucassin and Nicolette. Pyrame and Damon both consist of more than two hundred lines, whereas ordinary folk-songs seldom pass beyond forty or fifty.

Damon et Henriette



1. Jeunesse trop coquette,
Écoutez la leçon
Que vous font Henriette
Et son amour Damon.
Vous verrez leur malheur
Vaincu par leur constance,
Et leur sensibles cœurs
Recevoir récompense.
2. Henriette était fille
D'un baron de renom.
D'ancienne famille
Était le beau Damon.
Il était fait au tour;
Elle était jeune et belle.
Et du parfait amour
Ils étaient le modèle.
3. Damon plein de tendresse,
Un dimanche matin,
Ayant ouï la messe
D'un père capucin,
S'en fut chez le baron . . .

The ancient canticle of Alexis occurs in two forms: The first, out of

the *Cantiques de Marseilles*, the oldest song-book in Canada—well before 1800; and the second from hitherto unrecorded sources of the past. Under its literary form it goes back to the tenth or eleventh century; it is the first known religious song in the French language—*lingua vulgaris*—at its very birth as a written and church language.

The true folk-songs arrived in Canada before 1680 with the early settlers from the provinces of Normandy and the Loire River. Their numbers far exceed all others; and they are incomparably the best. The bulk is of high order for both form and content. The style is pure and crisp, the theme clear-cut and tersely developed. The prosody differs widely from that of the troubadours and literary French. There prevails throughout a fragrance of refinement, and sometimes there are flashes of genius. Here is decidedly not the drawl of untutored peasants nor a growth due to chance, but the work of poets whose consummate art has inherited an ample stock of metric patterns and a wealth of ancient lore common to many European races.

Our best folk-songs were a legacy from the troubadours. So I was at first inclined to believe. But there were reasons to demur. Troubadour songs were written on parchment for the privilege of the nobility; they belonged to the aristocracy and the learned, not to the common people. They affected the finesse, the philosophy and literary mannerisms of the Latin decadence; and they were composed in the Limousin and Provençal dialects of *oc*, in south-eastern France. The troubadours themselves laboured between the eleventh and the fourteenth centuries, whereas many of our best songs belong to the two hundred years that followed. Our songs could not be translations into *oil* of compositions originally in an *oc* dialect. Upon going through collections of troubadour poems and consulting specialists we did not meet the familiar landmarks; the spirit, the technique and the themes had little or nothing in common with those of our songs. They were two worlds apart. We fail to see how the chasm could ever be bridged.

We have read, on the other hand, of the *jongleurs errants* and *jongleurs de foire* of ancient times, whose pranks were derided in the manuscripts of the troubadours and the minstrels. Their profession was the butt of society. As they were not addicted to writing, no evidence is left to vindicate their memory. But students of mediæval literature have pointed out that while the troubadours had their day in the south, an obscure literary upheaval, free from Latin influence, took place in the provinces of the Loire River and the north—exactly in the home of our traditional lore. Who were the local poets if not the *jongleurs* themselves? What were their

songs if not those that have survived and come down to us through the unbroken oral tradition of the same provinces?

Whatever those Loire River bards be called, they were no mere upstarts. At their best they composed songs which not only courted the popular fancy but which, because of their vitality and charm, outlived the forms of academic poetry. Their independent prosodic resources, besides, were not only copious, but they went back to the bedrock of the Gallo-roman languages. Unlike the troubadours who belonged to the lineage of mediæval Latinity, those northern poets never had given their allegiance to a foreign language since the birth, before the fifth century of Christianity, of the Low Latin vernaculars, in France, Spain, Portugal and Italy. They had inherited and conserved the older traditions of the land. Presumably they were the heirs of the ancient Druids and the Celtic culture that had undergone a mutation without altogether going out of existence.

In other words, the folk-songs of France as recovered in America—more numerous and better preserved than at home—mostly represent an ancient stratum of French literature, one which in spite of discredit was never wholly submerged by the influx of Neo-Latin influences from the south.

But the *jongleur* art went out of existence in France itself before the dawn of the seventeenth century, presumably with the appearance of printing and broadsheets. If we have true folk-songs of the sixteenth century—those of *Le Prince d'Orange* and *Prince Eugène*—it seems that later compositions are in the literary style that belongs to writing. At least, not one of the early settlers was possessed with the *jongleur* tradition, for we lack any historic reference to the art or any native song that would disclose their presence in the New World. The troubadours died out in the fourteenth century; the *jongleurs* seem to have vanished in the sixteenth.

Le Prince d'Orange
(chanson de vaux)

C'est le prince d'Orange, C'est le prince d'Orange.
C'est le prince d'Orange, C'est le prince d'Orange.
C'est le prince d'Orange, C'est le prince d'Orange.

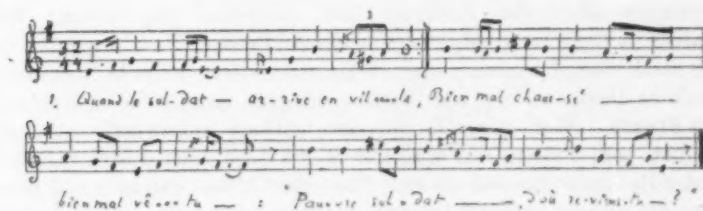
1. C'était le prince d'Orange,
Eh là!
 C'était le prince d'Orange; / grand matin s'est levé,
Madondaine!
Madondé! grand matin s'est levé,
2. A-t appelé son page: / "Mon âne est-il bridé?"
3. —Ah oui, vraiment, beau prince! / Il est bridé, sellé."
4. Mit sa main sur la bride, / le pied dans l'étrier.
5. A parti le dimanche, / le lundi fut blessé.
6. Reçut trois coups de lance / qu'un Anglais 'i a donnés.
7. En a-t un dans la jambe, / et deux dans le côté.
8. Faut aller qu'ri' le prêtre / mais pour le confesser.
9. "Je n'ai que fair' de prêtre: / je n'ai jamais péché!"
10. Jamais n'embrass' les filles / hors qu'à leur volonté;
11. Qu'une petit' brunette, / encor j'ai bien payé,
12. Donné cinq cents liards, / autant de sous marqués."

The old repertory of folk-songs is quite varied. It does not consist, like that of the Mediterranean border, of lyric songs exclusively; nor of narratives and ballads, like that of Scandinavia. But it is mixed, both types being generously represented.

The ballads and narratives of the North Sea belong as well to Normandy and northern France. Some of them slipped across the oil frontier in central France into the southern provinces; a very few passed the mountains into Spain and northern Italy—for instance, *Dame Lombarde*. The lyric songs thrived in southern France and the Loire River, and invaded Normandy at an early date. In spite of this ready interchange, ballads to this day in France remain northern, whereas the lyric poem is typical of the provinces to the south. This is the outcome of ancient classic culture, more philosophic and abstract in its trends, more firmly rooted in southern France than in the north. This contrast between northern and southern France assumed particular significance when it was found that the eastern districts of Quebec had far more ballads and *complaintes* (come-all-ye's) than those of Montreal, to the south-west. Quebec proper is predominantly

Norman, whereas Montreal owes more to the Loire River. The earliest immigrants, after 1608, embarked for New France at Honfleur, Havre and St. Malo, on the British Channel, and settled in the neighbourhood of Quebec. Many of the others, after 1642, sailed from La Rochelle, on the Atlantic, and proceeded to the upper river settlements of Three Rivers and Montreal. This diversity of origin has left many traces to this day. The singers of Charlevoix and Gaspé to the north-east rather differ from the others. They are the Canadian Normans. Their songs have an archaic tang, and lean by preference towards the narrative type. An instance, though not very ancient, is that of 'The Return of the Soldier Husband,' also familiar in Great Britain through Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*.

Le retour du mari soldat



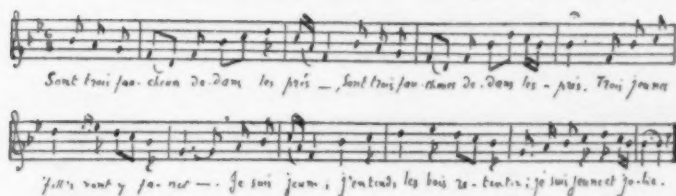
1. Quand le soldat / arrive en ville (*bis*)
Bien mal chaussé, / bien mal vêtu:
"Pauvre soldat, / d'où reviens-tu?"
2. S'en fut loger / dans une auberge:
"Hôtesse, avez-vous du vin blanc?
—Voyageur, a'-vous de l'argent?"
3. —Pour de l'argent, / je n'en ai guère;
J'engagerai / mon vieux chapeau,
Ma ceinture, aussi mon manteau."
4. Quand le voyageur fut à table,
Il se mit à boire, à chanter;
L'hôtess' ne fit plus que pleurer.
5. "Oh! qu'avez-vous, / petite hôtesse?
Regrettez-vous / votre vin blanc,
Qu'un voyageur / boit sans argent?"
6. —N'est pas mon vin / que je regrette;
C'est la chanson / que vous chantez:
Mon défunt mari la savait.

7. "J'ai un mari / dans les voyages;
Voilà sept ans / qu'il est parti,
Je crois bien que vous êtes lui.
8. —Ah! taisez-vous, / méchante femme.
Je vous ai laissé deux enfants,
En voilà quatre / ici présents!
9. —J'ai tant reçu / de fausses lettres,
Que vous étiez / mort, enterré,
Et moi, je me suis marié'.
10. —Dedans Paris, / il y-a grand guerre,
Grand guerre rempli' de tourments.
Adieu, ma femme / et mes enfants!"

French folk-songs, particularly as preserved in Canada, have some points in common with those of England, and this is only natural. Not a few of them are practically the same, but for the idiom. Centuries after the Normans had conquered the Island, the British in their turn ruled over northern France, even Aquitaine to the south-west, for many years. Some geographic names in Normandy (such as Dieppe=Deep) are English, whereas many more in England are French. Were it not for the rise—perhaps unfortunate—of Joan of Arc, both France and England might have been joined together under the same Norman crown. The songs of one nation would have been the other's, as not a few were common possessions, in those days of unborn nationality.

Canadian songs, like those of north and central France, applied to almost every phase of daily life. There were cradle and wonder songs, play-parties and round dances, for the nursery; love songs of every conceivable type—not a few of them were a trifle gay; dialogues and vaudevilles; a large number of anecdotal and comic songs; rigmaroles; work and dance songs; and, in the religious vein, Christmas carols, miracles, and folk canticles.

Foremost was the working song with its invigorating rhythm, intended to sustain the energy of the toilers. It is the best-known at large. Some were used by canoemen, wood-cutters, and ploughmen; others by fullers, spinners and weavers. Typical among these are *A la claire Fontaine*, *Le Plongeur et la Bague d'or*, *Le fils du roi s'en va chassant*, *La fille du Roi d'Espagne*. *Le Miracle du Nouveau-né*, which follows, is not so well-known, nor is it a typical work song, as it combines elements that belong to the canticle—it relates a miracle—and to the work song: a refrain, short lines (eight beats, cut in two by the cæsura), and fair rhythm. The rhymes are consistently masculine, as in ancient poetry.

de M. à c. le De nouveau-né

1. Sont trois faucheurs / dedans les prés; (bis)
Trois jeunes fill' / vont y faner.

*Je suis jeune; j'entends les bois retentir:
Je suis jeune et jolie.*

2. Trois jeunes fill' / vont y faner. (bis)
Celle qu'accouch' / d'un nouveau-né
3. D'un mouchoir blanc / l'a env'loppé;
4. Dans la rivière / ell' l'a jeté.
5. L'enfant s'est mis / à lui parler.
6. "Ma bonne mèr', / là vous péchez.
7. —Mais, mon enfant, / qui te l'a dit?
8. —Ce sont trois ang's / du paradis.
9. L'un est tout blanc, / et l'autre gris;
10. L'autre ressemble / à Jésus-Christ.
11. —Ah! revenez, / mon cher enfant.
12. —Ma chère mère, / il n'est plus temps.
13. Mon petit corps / s'en va calant;
14. Mon petit cœur / s'en va mourant;
15. Ma petite âme, / au paradis."

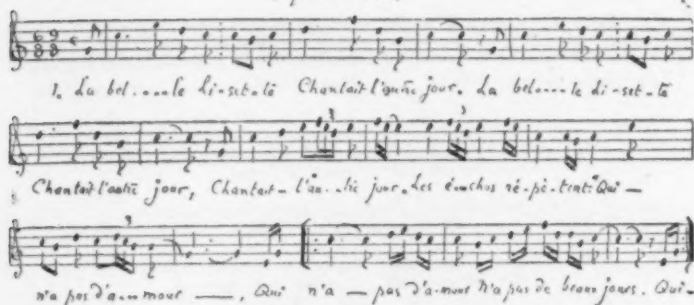
Among the numerous love songs of varied age and description, three or four types may be singled out as ancient and typically French: the shepherd song, the *rossignol messenger* (nightingale messenger of love), the aubades and nocturnes. Although they rest upon short narratives, their intention is lyrical. They are mediæval, perhaps largely from central France, and they embody some of the finest melodies we know.

Though not of troubadour origin, their themes were far from unfamiliar in southern France; they were also used by the knights of quill and parchment. They underwent a peculiar evolution in the

course of their long history. Like many other songs of the middle ages they spread from France to neighbouring countries.

La belle Lisette

(pastourelle)



1. La belle Lisette
Chantait l'autre jour. } *bis*
Chantait l'autre jour.
Les échos répètent:
"Qui n'a pas d'amour, (*bis*) } *bis*
N'a pas de beaux jours." }
2. Son berger l'appelle,
Le berger Colin,
Le berger Colin,
Veill'nt à la chandelle,
La main dans la main, (*bis*)
Du soir au matin.
3. "Si gente, si belle,
Dedans tes atours,
Dedans tes atours,
O ma tourterelle!
Répétons toujours,
Répétons toujours
Nos serments d'amour.
4. Unissons ensemble
Ton cœur et le mien,
Ton cœur et le mien!
— Ne puis m'en défendre,
O berger charmant,
O berger charmant,
A toi je me rends!

MARIUS BARBEAU.

A TENTH CENTURY MANUAL

THE millenary of Hucbald has just been⁽¹⁾ celebrated at St. Amand, near Valenciennes, and on very slender grounds. For Hucbald's fame is posthumous—we might say very posthumous. He was only a name, until the Abbé Gerbert reprinted five works under it in 1784, and now it is clear that he wrote only two of them. These two say nothing that was not the common property of the age, and the two which have made his fame were undoubtedly by an abbot Otter (also written Noger and Hoger). They are called *Musica Enchiriadis* and *Scholia Enchiriadis* (Manual of Music, and Notes on the Manual). As to who Otter was, we have no knowledge; we may take our choice, apparently, between the following, and shall be equally right in any case, since there is no evidence to connect any of them with the book.

1. Otter, bishop of Liège, d. 1008.
2. Otter Balbulus, abbot of St. Gall, d. 975.
3. Otter Labeo, d. 22nd June, 1022.
4. Olpert of Gembloux, flor. 1012-48.
5. Otter, bishop of Speyer, flor. 970.
6. Ogo, bishop of Liège, d. 947.
7. Another Ogo, d. 987.
8. Oddo of Clugny, flor. 927-42.

It is possible that if Otter, bishop of Liège, wrote the *Enchiriadis* that then a certain Hubald of Liège, a much-loved teacher of music at Paris, may have taught from it, and with the similarity of his name have started the legend that Hucbald of St. Amand was the author of the book. The important manuscripts are at Valenciennes and Brussels; the most likely date of the book is the last quarter of the tenth century. It will be best to say that the *Musica* and *Scholia* were born anonymous, and that the world has since been trying to fit them with a father, hereinafter called 'The Author.'

Of Hucbald we know little more than that he wrote lives of the saints and hymn-tunes for saints' days; but as the author who tells us this includes *Enchiriades* (!) among his list of famous musicians, we cannot accept him as a witness for the musical treatises of either Hucbald or Otter, though he mentions both. Hucbald wrote *De harmonica Institutione* and *Alia Musica*, and addressed a poem

(1) It was celebrated June, 1930; this essay, which was written for the occasion, was crowded out. We need not, perhaps, be particular as to the millenary of a man in discussing a book which he did not write.

of 136 lines, every word beginning with C (for calvus), in praise of the bald, to the Emperor Charles, who was one of them. It began :

Carmina clarisonæ calvis cantate Camoence

(Chant your lays, O clear-voiced Muses, to the bald), and the best phrase in it is where he rebukes those who smile at baldness 'with a curl of contempt' (*crispante cachinno*). Perhaps the chief value of this elaborate trifle is that it explains how it was he had no time to write the *Musica Enchiriadis*. He died June 25, 930.

The book is the thing, whoever wrote it. The 'Notes' are a reversed catechism—the pupil asks and the teacher answers: the two, Manual and Notes, occupy sixty pages of Gerbert, about half of what you have in your hand. Before we examine it we ought to consider the writer's probable musical outlook. The world was full of tunes, 'remembered' and performed by minstrels, with instruments whose nature may be suggested, without going into details, by such names as harp, hautboy, bagpipe, crowd (unbowed fiddle) and panpipes (turning into organs, i.e., being mechanically blown). From many hints we guess that these tunes were often, but by no means exclusively, in what we should call C major. But of all this, he, being a cleric, knew nothing, or at least nothing good. If he had heard of King Alfred going, on the strength of an amateur love of music, disguised as a minstrel into the Danish camp—and that had happened only in his grandfather's time—he would very possibly have merely had a poor opinion of him as a churchman.

The tunes he knew, knew in great numbers and very thoroughly, by ear, were all in the four principal Church Tones. It was beginning to be clear to him, moreover, that the tonic was not always the lowest note, but also sometimes in the middle of the tune; when it was so, the tune had a smaller compass, and he then spoke of the (plagal) tone as being 'minor' as opposed to the authentic, which was 'major.' No one had ever yet so written down these tunes that a monk of St. Amand could invent a new one, and send the piece of paper to a monk of Clairvaux, who would then straightway sing the tune. This did not always matter, because it was not the business of monks to flout tradition by inventing novelties in such a matter as plain-song, and if they did, their first thought would be that the invention had come by special grace to their own abbey, and should be kept there. But it was not uncommon for the fraternity of a monastery to forget or falsify tradition, and in course of time to be singing quite wrong; and then there was nothing for it but to send to St. Gall, or Paris, or even Rome, for someone to come and teach them the tunes afresh by ear. Fame was waiting therefore for anyone who could

provide an intelligible system of notation, at any rate for his own abbey and Rome.

And there was another distinguishing mark of the church tunes. It is probable that the minstrels, whose business in life was to amuse, and that not only by singing and playing, but by reciting or narrating or conjuring, and who in any case spent their time in wandering, did not study the art of instrumental accompaniment closely: it is likely that they played in unison with the voice, or, when they had a harp, put in some very mild block harmony. But to the Church, singing, 'dulcis cantilena,' was all important, and when this was accompanied by an instrument, or organum (the general name for any instrument) their instinct told them that this must 'sing' too. There is no actual warrant for saying that instruments were habitually used in church,⁽²⁾ though there are notices now and then of their occasional abuse, such as the account of what happened at Rivaux only a few years later, beginning 'Unde in ecclesia tot organa, tot cymbala.'⁽³⁾ But this singing in two parts, technically called 'Diaphonia,'⁽⁴⁾ was also popularly called 'Organum'; and it is difficult to understand how vocal music could ever have come to be called 'instrumental,' unless it had at some time involved the actual use of an instrument. Recourse to an instrument is implied in another way. When Hucbald discusses the tuning of the pipes of his three-octave organ (hydraulis), he uses our names for the notes upside down (A G F E D C B A ascending); and this looks like an instrumental notation, because, when our Author wishes to display singing in two octaves (p. 161 of Gerbert) or in three (p. 163), which involves two notes for which his ordinary notation does not provide, he employs, without comment, this upside down method, which seems to show that it was familiar to everyone; and, as no one had yet invented names for sung notes, they must be played notes.

Of these two, the notation and the harmony, we begin with the notation. The things to be noted were the tunes in the four Church Tones, and the fact that the tonic was usually the lowest note, but sometimes in the middle; in the former case (authentic) it was not

(2) It is points like this that are apt to be passed over in silence by the treatises, as being too obvious to mention. In old Greek and Hindu treatises, for example, there is no definite mention of the drone (which in modern books is called, respectively, *ῥῶ ἴσον* and *kharaj*); and yet we can hardly doubt its existence.

(3) Quoted in Davey *Hist. of Engl. Music*, p. 16.

(4) The Greeks meant by this word 'dissonance.' Our Author says 'it consists not in a sound of one kind, but in various sounds that agree in harmony.'

necessary to provide for more than six notes, nor, in the latter (plagal), for more than five; also the bass melody might have to be transposed up for a tenor. This gives us, as the Author's gamut, two octaves and one note, with two spare notes at the upper end, in case the tune ran, as it might, into a whole octave, eighteen in all: the black line marks the authentics, the dotted lines the plagals.



The system fell, by the facts of the case, into a group of tetrachords round a central one, D E F G; but how were these to be grouped? There are three possible ways: the last note of one might be the first of the next (conjunct)

$$(i) \quad \overline{G A B C D E F G} \overline{a b c d e f g a^1 b^1 c^1}$$

or they might be placed side by side with a whole tone between (disjunct)

$$(ii) \quad \overline{G A B C D E F G} \overline{a b c d e f g a^1 b^1 c^1}$$

or they might be alternately conjunct and disjunct.

$$(iii) \quad \overline{G A B C D E F G} \overline{a b c d e f g a^1 b^1 c^1}$$

The strong argument for (iii) is that a new octave and a new tetrachord coincide—a has the same place in both as A has, b as B, and so on. This is not the case with either (i) or (ii); the Author chose (ii), with that defect.

The next point was how the tetrachord was to be constructed? Was it to be (a) Tone, Semitone, Tone (like D E F G), or (b) Semitone, Tone, Tone (like B C D E), or (c) Tone, Tone, Semitone (like

G A B C). He naturally chose (a), because that is the 1st Tone, and his scale was accordingly ii.a, below :—

Ex 2

i.a
Conjunct
False fifths

ii.a
Disjunct
Tritones
Tetrachords: Low, Final, High, Highest

iii.a
Alternate
Tritones
False fifths

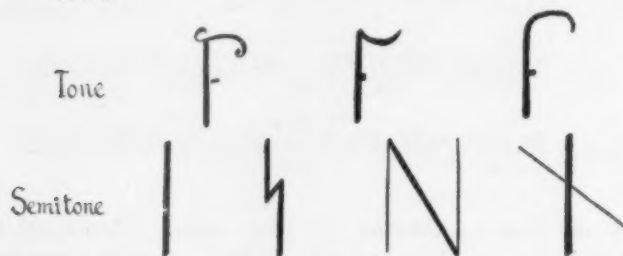
Now, to see what ii.a involves, we must consider what would have happened in the case of i.a and iii.a. With i.a (conjunct tetrachords all of the T S T type) we get four false fifths: They do not matter in melody,⁽⁵⁾ but they do the moment harmony begins, and it was beginning now. With ii.a (disjunct T S T tetrachords) we get, on the other hand, four tritones, which are equally objectionable.⁽⁶⁾ But with iii.a (T S T tetrachords alternately conjunct and disjunct), which is the scale we have inherited, we have two tritones and two false fifths (in that limited compass). This might not seem, on the face of it, to be any better: but the point is that the scale stays in one key, whereas the others wander out of it, i.a in a flatward and ii.a in a sharpward direction. The Author's actual symbols are given in all the books, and an article in *The Musical Times* for August, 1930, puts the matter clearly and prints the signs excellently, so that there is no need to repeat them here. He called it the dasian notation, and this explains the origin of his curious figures. The stem of each of these figures represents an old form of the Greek rough breathing (η δασεία προσφδία), which he no doubt chose just because it was *not* an actual vowel; that is, he wanted a vowel, of course, for singing on, but not any *particular* vowel. This he ornamented, reversed, inverted, and inclined in the various ways that the article explains. For his symbols he was influenced, perhaps, by the fact that F and J are the only two letters in the Roman alphabet that will comfortably reverse, and invert, and do both. But he got at them another way. Of the four notes of his tetrachord, three had a tone below them, and one a semitone. For the

(5) A good many Irish tunes are in this scale; a C-mixolydian tune, for instance, often has a low B natural and a high B flat.

(6) The *Oxford Hist. of Mus.* is surprised to find that he did not explain what was to be done in the case of a false fifth; but the reason is that he had none to explain away.

tones he added to his dasian either a recumbent S (ω), or a supine C (\cup), or a prone C (\cap).⁽⁷⁾ For the semitone he took the simple dasian,⁽⁸⁾ but wrote it in four different ways for the four tetrachords. (His autograph has not been found, and the MSS. copy variously).

Ex. 4



(The second of these semitone signs is quite possibly the origin of the *b molle*.)

He thus had for his four tetrachords the symbols arranged thus:—

Symbols ..	Reversed	Normal	Inverted	Reversed and Inverted
Tetrachords	Low	Final	High	Highest
Scale ..	G A B flat C	D E F G	a b c d	e f sharp g a ¹

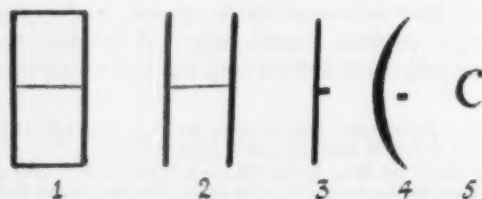
(For the two extra notes the 'inverted' were placed on their side.)

In this way each symbol stated *which tetrachord* the note belonged

(7) There is no explanation of why he selected the letters S and C.

(8) The history is something like this:—Symbol 1 was in the Phœnician alphabet—its Hebrew name was Heth—to denote a strong aspirate. The Greeks adopted it with the same meaning, under form 2. The Athenians, about 400 B.C., made a change, using form 2 for the long *e* (*eta*) and apparently managed without a special sign for the aspirate. Writers in Magna Græcia (Heraclea and Tarentum) were the first to use 3 (which is the left hand half of 2) for the rough breathing: date unknown. The Alexandrine grammarians developed from this, about the middle of the third century B.C., forms 4 and 5 successively, and 5 was habitually used in Greek cursive writing, which began in the ninth century. (The smooth breathing, with which, however, we are not here concerned, developed similarly from the right hand side of 2.) Our Author, therefore, writing in the late tenth century, was familiar with 3, or 4, or both, and had possibly never seen 5.

Ex. 3.



to, its position in that tetrachord, and whether it was a tone or a semitone from the note below.

He combined his notation later on with the staff of five lines, each space (not line) standing for a note and the words being written in this; he did not see at first that the staff rendered the dasian sign otiose, and he had no way of suggesting time values—the words, of course, supplied those.

He marks T and S carefully on his staff for tone and semitone, and Hucbald sets out elaborately (and our Author appears to take for granted, as everyone else of his day did) the Pythagorean scale, which, as we know, makes the major third too sharp. There seems to be an impression that because they did this they also sang it sharp. But does that follow? We do not sing the major third in tune (if we do!) because we know it is $80/64$ ($=5/4$), and not $81/64$ as the Pythagorean was, but because of some greater suavity in the sound, which we feel. Why should they not have felt and sung the same, and have been wrong only about their mathematics?

We turn now to the harmony. Since his scale was built on tetrachords the obvious consonance for him was that of the fourth. It is true that he contemplates both octave and fifth being taken as harmony notes, but it is clear that he has only named them for the case where three or four voices combine, and that the true organum was at the fourth, with the melody (vox principalis) in the upper voice of two and the harmony (vox organalis) at the fourth below. His two schemes for the four-part harmony are:—

	1	2
S. Octave of Organum	5th above	4th above
A. MELODY	unison	unison
T. ORGANUM	4th below	5th below
B. Octave of Melody ..	8ve below	8ve below

He gives examples of both; we take the second of them.

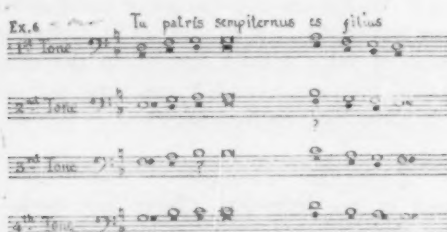
Ex 5

Sit glo—ria Domini in saecula, laus-bis Dominus in o-peribus su-is

The alto and bass have the melody, the others the organum; only one example of each chord is written out here (so that the melody, which decides the time, may stand out clearly); the others are under-

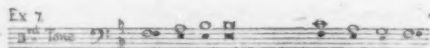
stood. He does not write that signature—B \flat , B \natural ; but his scale implies it. And the question is which is to give way when they are sounded simultaneously. But it is clear that since the soprano is there only as the octave of the tenor, it is for the soprano to obey. It is obvious also that as the melody seldom went beyond six notes no such case could arise within the melody itself.

But the organum at the fourth introduced a more serious difficulty; there was, as we saw, a tritone implied in every tetrachord, and always between the second note of one tetrachord and the third note of the one below. They made a rule therefore that the organum should never go lower than the fourth note of the tetrachord, that is, in the lower octave, than C and G.



(The melody is in semibreves, the organum in crotchet-heads.) The *first Tone* can have fourths all through (with this particular melody). The Author raises no question there at the syllable 'li,' as we do, nor in the *second Tone* at the word 'es': at both of which he has written a tritone. It seems likely that he allowed the tritone to stand in each case, since it is off the accent, and does not much matter. The case is quite different with the *third Tone*, where the melody has a long reciting note on b, which, as he says, 'has no proper organal response.' (It is to meet this difficulty that in the *fourth Tone* the organal voice does not go below G.)

But now we naturally ask ourselves, if he could harmonise his b here with a G and elsewhere with an E, why couldn't he do the same with the *third Tone* example? I think the answer is a matter not of rules but of music. Try it, and see.



That long wait on E in the bass disturbs the tonality; it makes us think we are in the *second Tone*, and so when the F comes at the end we have lost our key—we seem to have got there by accident. And

the objection to a G (instead of the E) is that the major third was to their ears—in fact, and not as a matter of theory—only acceptable as a passing dissonance, and to wait so long on it would have destroyed their cantilena. All this throws light on those stopping places on C and G just mentioned. By their frequency and insistence they must before long have erected themselves into tonics and, competing with the tonic of the mode, have begun the destruction of the modal system; while by their fifth relationship they look forward to the day seven centuries hence, when, after many vicissitudes, tonic and dominant, as we now understand them, will come by their rights.

A word must be said about the tetrachord, and the organum-at-the-fourth-below. Why does the octave contain only six diatonic notes between its two terminals? Because it must contain tetrachords, in one of the three ways shown on p. 186. But this only puts back the question. Why, then, must there be tetrachords at all, and why do they contain only two notes between their terminals?

When a sonorous bass voice sings C, he hears, and others who listen to him hear still more clearly, a g floating about in the rafters. That g is out of his compass; but when he continues his song and comes across G or .G in it, he feels them to be nearly related to his C. Now it is easier for him to relate .G than G, to C; for two reasons. It is nearer; and when tonality is as yet undefined, every additional note of compass presents a difficulty, and tends to make the singer 'lose his place,' or, as we say, his key. And secondly, the natural voice starts on a high note and drops gradually to a lower one: we hear this with animals, when they neigh, bay, bell, trumpet, mew etc.; and practically all nations that have had any theory of a scale have conceived it in the first instance downwards. So that the fourth comes into music as a downward progression before the fifth comes into it as an upward progression. If anyone asks—Why not a downward fifth?—the answer is that we do not think of .F (because we do not hear f) when C is sounded, but we do think of C when F is sounded (because we hear c¹). And then when it comes to filling this fourth, the whole-tone (the difference between fourth and fifth) is a much earlier conception than the semitone (the difference between a fourth and a scarcely heard major third); and whichever way they are arranged, there cannot be more than two tones in the compass of a fourth. Just as the tetrachord is the structure to which all scales inevitably tend, so organum-at-the-fourth-below was inevitably the first step in harmony. (Organum-at-the-fifth-above, which is the next step, came in with the eleventh century). This first step, however, some have found difficult to credit, because for reasons of our

own, and good ones, we consider the fourth a discord. But they are *our* reasons: the tenth century was quite innocent of them.

And what do we make of it all? There have been several attempts to explain away these weird sounds. One has called them speculative experiments; another has said that the two voices were sung successively, not simultaneously, and that they represent the beginnings of fugal imitation; another that they are the degenerate form of something more acceptable; another that our Author's examples bear the same relation to what was actually sung, as harmony exercises do to modern compositions. No one could read the *Musica Enchiriadis* and think of any of these things. The author is perfectly definite and takes pains, greater pains than Hucbald does, to make his meaning plain; he is evidently doing his best to explain what he understands by music, and how much he believes in it.

Others, despairing of any explanation, take the bull by the horns and tell us we really like bare fourths and fifths, though we didn't know it. But isn't this a piece of genial self-deception? We really abominate them, not because they are 'consecutive' but just because they are bare. It is no use to tell us that Vaughan Williams, Walford Davies, and others write whole handfuls of them, because they use them only as a point of colour, and for a purpose which they usually attain; whereas with our Author the fourths and fifths are a staple, not a luxury, and have no such purpose.

Is not the truth something much simpler? Our ear has changed—our mental, not our physical ear. We hear a fifth, and it agitates exactly the same Corti rods as it did in the ear of a Belgian monk or a Chaldean astrologer; but it 'means' something different to us. (It is on the whole a blessing that our scholars and researchers are not able to restore ancient Greek music for us; we almost certainly shouldn't like it if they could.) I had what seems to me a clinching proof lately of how sounds 'are' exactly what the mind makes of them. I was interested in Icelandic music and was reading Angul Hammerich's fine article on the subject (*I.M.G. Quarterly*, I, 341, 1900). When I came to the fifteenth-century Credo, I sang the melody and put in the organal part (a fifth above) very lightly on the piano. It occupies three or four pages, and when by some defect in the MS. there occurs, about two-thirds of the way through, a minor sixth, it sounded suddenly like a discord. There was nothing theoretical about this; it simply sounded wrong. But there was nothing formidable about the fifths in themselves, at any rate after

the first half-minute: the general effect was that of a melody with a pleasant tang to it, and with no suggestion of harmony at all.

The probability is, then, (1) that the organum came in for exactly the same reason as our composers now write consecutive fifths or fourths—as an enrichment of the melody, as a kind of ‘mixture’ stop; (2) that they did not for a long time realise that there was much to choose, as regards its position, between the fifth below and the fourth below, and that the ‘dissonance’ of the fourth never struck them at all; and (3) that, when the consecution of fourths led, on their system, to occasional tritones, they broke it up in favour of various alternatives and, coming gradually to hear a certain euphony in these, admitted them with the others as substantive intervals; and so harmony began. It is time, at any rate, to drop that ‘curl of contempt’ with which organum has usually been greeted. If one moment in the history of music seems to us more ludicrous than another it may be that we have lost the clue to it. We stand on a peak and wonder why they lost their way in the foothills; there are higher peaks from which the future will look down on our thridding of the atonal maze. The artist is never concerned with history, always with the practical problem; moreover he is a fighter in the line, not a general in command—there is no general. The true history of music which will one day be written will base every change not on convention, nor on adventitious circumstance, nor on hereditary or ethnical proclivity, but on the historian’s intuition of the composer’s instinct in the face of a known problem.

A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS.

SONATE

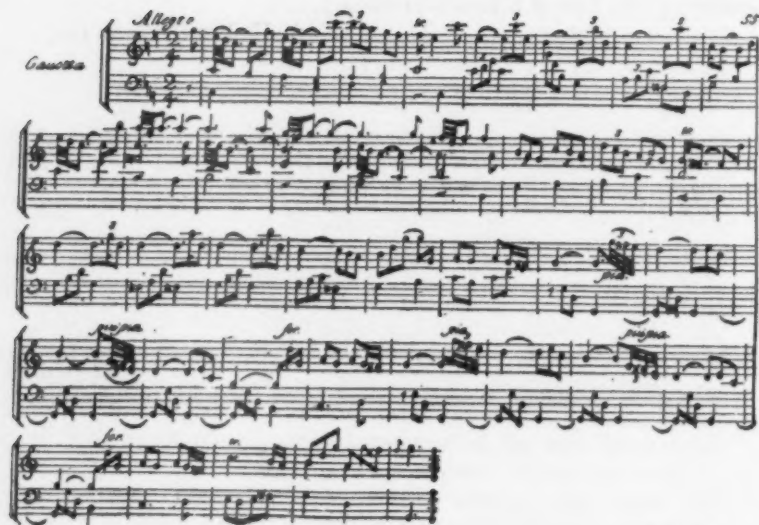
*Da Cimbalo di piano, e forte
detto volgarmente di martelletti*

DEDICATE

A SUA ALTEZZA REALE
IL SERENISSIMO D. ANTONIO INFANTE
DI PORTOGALLO
E Composte

Da D. Lodovico Giustini di Pistoia

Opera prima.
FIRENZE M DCCXXXII.



THE EARLIEST PIANOFORTE MUSIC

Two hundred years ago, Bartolomeo Cristofori, the inventor of the pianoforte, or *Gravicembalo col piano e forte* as he named it, died at Florence. He died unhonoured and unrecognised, like many other great men, save for a few devoted pupils and friends. His great invention attracted but little notice in his own country, and, so far as is known, no music was written for the new instrument during its inventor's lifetime.

But, the year after his death, in 1732, there was engraved at Florence a set of seventy-one plates of music forming a volume of twelve sonatas intended for the new *gravicembalo*.

Their author, Lodovico Giustini di Pistoia,⁽¹⁾ leaves us in no doubt of this, as he named them *Sonate da Cimbalo di piano e forte detto volgarmente di Martelletti* (Plate No. 1).

There is, apparently, but one copy of this work now in existence and it is preserved in one of the great libraries of England. This volume was recognised as containing the earliest pianoforte music by the late Alfred James Hipkins, who has briefly alluded to it as such in his *History of the Pianoforte* (Novello Primer No. 52), but it has not been described and has remained neglected to the present time.

At the first glance these early pianoforte sonatas do not appear to differ in style from those intended for the ordinary harpsichord and, in fact, the only striking difference lies in the profuse use of expression marks.

Giustini not only uses the terms *forte* and *piano*, but in one instance the term *più forte*, whilst the series of terms *forte*, *pigno*, *più piano* is used many times throughout the work. In some movements this series occurs as many as four times and it is clear that the composer is aiming at some particular effect. (Plate No. 2, first half of *gavotta* from Sonata 10.)

What this effect was is clearly shown us by Scipione Maffei who discovered Cristofori and wrote a long description of his *gravicembalo* in *Giornale dei letterati d'Italia*, Venice, 1711 (tom. V, p. 144). Here Maffei tells us that the contrast between *piano* and *forte* and still more the effect of a gradual decrease of sound followed by a sudden

(1) Mentioned by Gerber as having published a volume of XII Clavier Sonatas at Amsterdam in 1736. No further details about him are known.

return to the forte, were effects not only much admired but often tried with success at the great concerts held at Rome. No one, he says, would have thought that this latter effect could have been possible upon the harpsichord, but Cristofori had actually accomplished this wonder.

'The production of greater or less sound depends,' he tells us, 'on the degree of power with which the player presses on the keys, by regulating which, not only the piano and forte are heard, but also *gradations*⁽²⁾ and *diversity of power as in a violoncello*.'⁽³⁾ The Florentine revolution had drawn attention to the emotional value of accentuation. The dramatic effect produced by a skilful actor by emphasising certain words more than others or by gradually raising or lowering his voice had been observed by musicians and the principle applied to music. The singers and stringed instrument players were able to practise subtle variations of tone and so also could a performer on the clavichord, but this instrument was too feeble in tone for the purpose of accompaniment or for large audiences. Upon the harpsichord these gradations were impossible and instrument makers attempted to remedy this serious defect. Praetorius tells us⁽⁴⁾ that Hans Haydn of Nuremberg made the first attempt in 1600 by fitting a mechanism to bow the harpsichord strings; but he states that Galilei and others would have it that this violin-like instrument was thought of at an even earlier date. Two instruments referred to as *Pian e forte*, but unfortunately not described, are in fact mentioned in a letter dated 1598 from Paliarino to the Duke of Modena.⁽⁵⁾ These experiments were not considered successful and it was left for Cristofori

(2) The italics are ours.

(3) From Rimbault's *History of the Pianoforte*, London, 1860:—'Egli è noto a chiunque gode della musica, che uno de' principali fonti, da' quali traggano i periti di quest'arte il segreto di singolarmente diletter chi ascolta, è il piano, e'l fortezzo, sia nelle proposte e risposte, o sia quando con artificiosa degradazione lasciandosi a poco a poco mancar la voce, si ripiglia poi ad un tratto strepitosamente: il quale artificio è usato frequentemente, ed a maraviglia ne' gran concerti di Roma con diletto incredibile di chi gusta la perfezione dell'arte. Ora di questa diversità ed alterazione di voce, nella quale eccellenti sono, fra gli altri, gli strumenti da arco, affatto privo è il gravecembalo; e sarebbe, da chi che sia, stata riputata una vanissima immaginazione il proporre di fabbricarlo in modo, che avesse questa dote. Con tutto ciò, una sì ardita invenzione è stata non meno felicemente pensata, che eseguita in Firenze dal Sig. BARTOLOMMEO CRISTOFALI, Padovano, Cembalista stipendiato dal Serenissimo Principe di Toscana. Egli ne ha finora fatti tre della grandezza ordinaria degli altri gravecembali, e son tutti riusciti perfettamente. Il cavare da questi maggiore o minore suono dipende dalla diversa forza, con cui dal sonatore vengono premuti i tasti, regolando la quale, si viene a sentire non soli il piano, e il forte, ma la degradazione, e diversità della voce, qual sarebbe in un violoncello.'

(4) Syntagma.

(5) *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*: Art. *Pianoforte*.

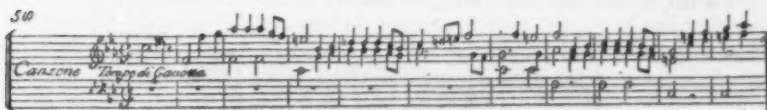
to solve the problem by substituting hammers in the place of the jacks.

It is perfectly clear from the evidence derived from Maffei's article and other sources that Giustini is attempting to imitate the gradations of tone characteristic of stringed instruments played with the bow which in their turn had learned their expressiveness from the human voice.

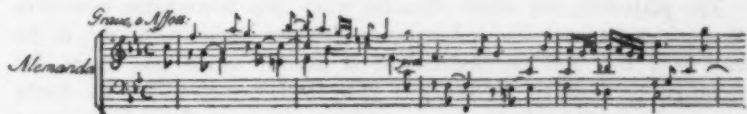
Giustini himself was probably an amateur. His sonatas are *Sonate da Camera* and are not unlike many others of the same period. They consist of dance tunes and movements of a graver character grouped together. Five of the sonatas are in five movements whilst the remaining seven are in four. The grouping of the movements is a little experimental. The second sonata in C minor, in five movements, has two 'gigas' placed together in the middle of the work. The first, in the relative major, is in 3:8 tempo and is marked *Grave* whilst the second, in the tonic, and in 12:8 tempo is marked *Presto*. The tenth sonata, in four movements, has allemandas for the first and third movements in the same tempo and key. And three of the sonatas have as their terminal movement a minuet.

It can scarcely be said that Giustini has any marked style; he seems, in fact, to have taken hints from various sources and the following quotations will serve to illustrate this fact.

The influence of the comic opera is clearly seen in many of the movements, including the gavotta already mentioned. An example of an entirely different treatment is found in the canzona marked *Tempo di Gavotta* in the tenth sonata (Ex. 1).



This short movement is much in the style of Leo's church music whilst the following movement, an allemande marked *Grave, e Affetto*, carries a suggestion of Corelli and the variations on the theme 'La Folia' (Ex. 2).



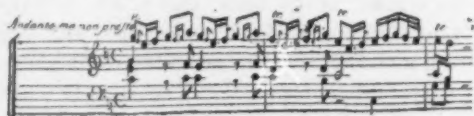
Giustini appears also to have been interested in the *Concerto Grosso*. A reflection of this style is found to a marked extent in the

corrente (*Presto assai*) of the seventh sonata, where he imitates the tremolando of strings (Ex. 3).

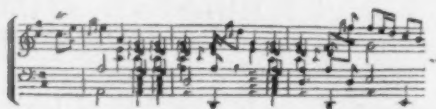


There are several examples of the Siciliana where the composer avails himself of the soft reedy tone of the new instrument to imitate the shepherd's pipe.

The third sonata begins with such a movement followed by a canzona, after which Giustini returns once more to a pastoral theme in a delightful andante in which he imitates not only the shepherd's pipe but also the drone of the bagpipes (Ex. 4).



Maffei tells us that the tone of the new *Gravicembalo col piano e forte* was considered muffled and somewhat indistinct. It may have been due to this indistinct and muffled tone that Giustini wrote a very peculiar cadence where he includes the tonic with the dominant in the last chord but one of the cadence. This cannot be considered as a misengraving as it occurs in no less than nine places and is made a feature in the first movement of Sonata No. 5 (Ex. 5).

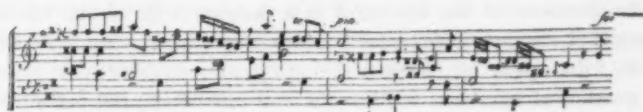


A still more curious version occurs in the corrente of the seventh sonata where not only the dominant and tonic are heard together but also the mediant of the tonic as well.

The pianoforte for which Giustini wrote this remarkable collection of music must have had a downward compass extending to A/, as he has used B/, and no instrument is known which has B as the terminal note of its keyboard. This instrument, which no doubt was made by Cristofori or one of his pupils, must have been tuned in equal temperament as modulations to the distant keys of B major and G# major occur. The modulation to G# major is found in the

allegro of the eighth sonata. This allegro is in A major. At the double bar the subject is restated in the dominant and then the composer modulates through C# minor to G# major and then back again through C# minor to the tonic.

The illustration (Ex. 6) shows the modulation to G# major; the sign for the double sharp should be noticed.



It was not for many years that another composer ventured to write anything for the *Cimbalo col piano e forte*. The public were long in appreciating the value of this new instrument. Neither Sebastian Bach nor his famous son Karl Philip Emanuel wrote any music for it.

Occasionally a work of about the date 1760 is discovered in some great library; there is, in fact, a set of six sonatas for the *Cimbalo per il piano e forte col accompagnamento del Violino* composed by Salvador Pazzaglia and dedicated to the Archduchess Maria Teresa of Austria of about this date. But even as late as 1760 it is rare to find music written expressly for this instrument. Mozart did not begin to write any of his great works for the pianoforte until 1763, whilst John Christian Bach and Muzio Clementi, the two composers who did more than anyone else to popularise the pianoforte, wrote their first works for it as late as 1768 and 1773 respectively.

Giustini, even though he is not in the front rank as a composer, must be commended for having recognised from the start the value of the pianoforte. It is a tribute to him that he preferred the pianoforte to the harpsichord and that he ventured to write the first music for it at the time of its greatest unpopularity.

ROSAMOND HARDING.

REMARKS ON THE LEIT-MOTIF

THE development of the leit-motif is a characteristic of the whole of the music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Since its introduction into opera by Wagner's mighty and authoritative hand a very great deal has been written for and against it, but hitherto, in spite of this enormous literature, the phenomenon underlying the term has not been really explained from an æsthetic point of view, nor understood. It may be said that the leit-motif has been accepted by musical criticism and æsthetics in a too primitive and superficial sense. Hence the dispute as to its æsthetic value—a dispute which at one time split the musical world into hostile groups—appears to be due to little more than a lack of comprehension.

The term 'leit-motif' is usually applied to a musical form which is connected in the composer's imagination with a certain idea or figure, and which serves to evoke the same idea in the mind of the hearer. In a word, it is a scrap of music with which a particular idea or figure is associated.

In its embryonic form, as a suggestion or reminder, the leit-motif was known long before Richard Wagner endowed it with the importance of a musical watchword. I shall show presently how little foundation there was for the age-long controversy on the subject, and how slight was Wagner's real knowledge of this idea of his. In his justification it should be said that the composer of the 'Nibelungenlied,' the inventor of a new style of opera, evidently had no clear conception of the actual part which he played in the history of opera.

The psychological and æsthetic basis of the leit-motif, as well as of its embryo—the 'musical reminder' which is encountered in the old operas of the seventeenth century—is found in the associative quality of music. As everyone knows, music has the faculty of recalling the circumstances in which it was first heard; they may be quite casual, but they infect the music, as it were, or form a vital atmosphere which surrounds and clings to the musical tissue, and involuntarily we think of them whenever we hear the sounds.

Of course it was not Wagner who revealed this attribute of music—it was familiar a very long time ago. In the old operas it is æsthetically treated in the overtures based on the themes and prin-

cial episodes; these themes, thus collected, remind the hearer of the essential nature of the opera in question and serve as an introduction to it. A very interesting feature of the associative quality of music is that the association is quite independent of the nature of the music, which need not be suitable—to use the conventional term—to the surrounding circumstances, nor in a mood corresponding to them. I know of many cases in which the music casually connected with some event, though having nothing in common with its mood, has possessed this remarkable faculty of directly and mechanically recalling that event. Odours also have this associative quality, which is peculiar to them and to music.

Wagner's share in the creation of the leit-motif consisted mainly in the æsthetic use of this property of the musical tissue. He reduced to a strict system and regularised a phenomenon which, without this, occurs of itself at every hearing, and made the music coincide with definite and not fortuitous episodes. The repetitions of the music recalling these episodes were no longer haphazard, but were introduced in keeping with the dramatic action.

Under this system the Wagnerian leit-motif has a psychologico-mechanical action, as it were. An event on the stage is accompanied on its first appearance by a certain characteristic musical phrase—a leit-motif—and, owing to the psychological property which we have mentioned, every time it is heard it should and will recall that event.

Psychologically it is evident that the association of a musical phrase with an occurrence is strengthened by repetition, and a sort of conditioned reflex is set up in us, against which our psychology struggles in vain. On the other hand, if the musical phrase is repeated in different surroundings the primary associative reflex is weakened and may altogether disappear.

In his entirely intuitive desire to employ for artistic ends an incontestable phenomenon, which already existed, Wagner goes to work in a correct and logical manner. He combines more or less systematically a certain musical phrase with certain events of the drama, creating artistic conditioned reflexes so durable that afterwards they become symbols, so to speak, of those events. We then begin involuntarily to apply to the leit-motif the idea or dramatic character with which it is connected. We cannot reject the conditioned association which has been set up within us—such as a certain fanfare with Siegfried's sword, the solemn trombone chords with Valhalla, and so forth. Wagner seems to have been intuitively aware of the necessity of first habituating the hearer to the leit-motif association. In analysing the 'Rheingold' on the one hand, and the 'Valkyrie' or the 'Götterdämmerung' on the other, we observe

that in the 'Rheingold' the allotment of the leit-motifs is stricter, more systematic, more concrete—with pedantic accuracy every leit-motif is provided with the corresponding episode or idea. The 'Rheingold' may be described as the exposition of the leit-motif system of the 'Nibelungenlied.' In the other parts of the tetralogy Wagner abandons this pedantry, as he knows that the associations or conditioned reflexes required by him have been created, that the motifs are inseparably bound up with the events and ideas of the drama, and therefore he is now justified in using them more freely, as genuine musical words designating, or, rather, conditionally connected in our minds with, certain figures or ideas.

Simple-minded critics and aesthetes have imagined that Freia's apples and Siegfried's sword were actually expressed by leit-motifs, but even if this were possible it would be quite unnecessary. The word 'sword' is not intended to depict in sound something resembling a sword; it is a conventional grouping of letters with which the idea of a sword is conventionally associated, and is subject to the laws governing the structure and development of speech. Similarly in music the leit-motif is subject to the laws of musical structure and development. In language the conditioned reflex between an idea or a form and the terms used to express them is the result of the prolonged experiments of colloquial speech; in music it is the outcome of a special leit-motif exposition, of visual instruction in leit-motifs and their meaning from the stage, as it were; it reminds one of the Berlitz or natural method of teaching languages. The system of leit-motifs is no other than a musical language, entirely analogous to a spoken language and subject to the same laws; the only difference between them is that the former has a narrower field of application—every musical work has its special system—whereas the spoken language is common to millions of persons, who by ages of experiment have developed in themselves these necessary associations between the meaning and the sound-form.

And so, from what has been said it follows that the leit-motif has not, and should not have, any pretensions to express or depict in a tonal form the idea or figure which it designates conventionally, just as words are not intended to represent phonetically the objects for which they stand. But we have imitative words, and in the same way—and only in the same way—imitative leit-motifs are opportune in certain cases. Gradations of every kind are possible, from simple imitations—through the metaphorical—to the complete ignoring of any suggestion of resemblance between the tonal form and the idea. We find all of them in Wagner—the distinctly imitative leit-motifs of the bird or the forging of the sword; the metaphorical tone-forms

of the Rhine, the sword, Valhalla; and the abstract musical phrases, such as Fricka's theme, Siegfried's second theme, and particularly in 'Parsifal' and 'Tristan,' where we have the love theme, the potion theme, the Grail theme, and so forth. It is evident that at the beginning Wagner himself preferred the cruder imitative and roughly metaphorical motifs, in order to consolidate his leit-motif position; and that he gradually abandoned them, realising that it was not a question of imitating in sound but of creating a persistent association and coincidence—a conditioned reflex between sounds and ideas. It cannot, however, be denied that an imitative or metaphorical quality facilitates the assimilation of a leit-motif and its significance, and that with leit-motifs (or words) of such a type associations are more quickly and easily established. But it is very important to note that this is by no means obligatory, and that a leit-motif may be quite unlike the object to which it is applied.

This disposes at once of the naïve objections of the æsthetes and their rebellion against the supposed attempts of Wagner and the 'leit-motifists' to depict swords and apples musically. There have been no such attempts, nor has anybody tried to do anything more than designate them, which is just as permissible as the use of the word 'apple' to denote a particular fruit.

By employing this method of leit-motifs (it is difficult to describe it by any other term) Wagner achieves a tremendous result—the purely emotional and sensual realm of music, which otherwise was capable of transmitting mood only, is now endowed with the faculty of expressing ideas, and thereby becomes an instrument of thought. Thought cannot manifest itself apart from speech, from words, which are the conventional symbols used to designate ideas. In music this function is assumed by the leit-motif, which indicates everything that music is of itself incapable of expressing, and thus superimposes an upper storey of reason on the emotional 'interjection'—to which pure music is analogous. It is a significant fact that the infusion of meaning and profundity into music coincides with the appearance of the leit-motif—first with Beethoven, then with Berlioz, and in general in the era of that romanticism which bridges the gulf between music and speech and begins the quest of thought in music and of music in speech. All this occurred in the nineteenth century, and we now see the process reversed—the present tendency is to make music irrational, to turn it once more into a system of tonal ornaments from which thought is excluded, of feelings without symbols.

The leit-motif sprang from the desire, so characteristic of romanticism, to impart meaning to music. It might be objected (and all the objections to the leit-motif itself, to progressive music, to

musical criticism, and to romanticism really amount to this) that this superstructure of meaning on the emotional foundation of music is incompatible with the primary nature of the latter and distorts its form. But once the principle is recognised the leit-motif proves to be simply inevitable—it is the natural solution of the problem, and its discovery by the greatest romanticists of the nineteenth century, beginning with Beethoven and ending with Wagner and his successors, is by no means fortuitous.

In the age of romanticism the search for meaning in the tonal form was considerably in advance of the converse problem—the implantation of meaning in music and the consequent appearance of the leit-motif. Beethoven did not write actual leit-motifs, but we find them with him under the guise of the 'theme of fate' in the Fifth Symphony and in the very facture of his compositions. There was a reason for the persistent search in this pre-romantic era for a verbally expressed content in music—it was identical with the romantic quest of a synthesis between sound and sense. Beethoven's sonata form and its centre—the development of the themes—was nothing else than the application of ideas to music. This was vaguely felt by every æsthetic thinker who used such an expression as 'profundity of thought' in connection with developments, and referred to the theme itself as a 'musical thought'—a term previously alien to it. A musical thought in the form of a theme—which bears within itself some mysterious and hitherto unexplained meaning or idea, which means something, but nobody knows exactly what—such a thought is characteristic of Beethoven, and from it springs the method of the development of the sonata-form created by his genius. This musical thought is developed in accordance with complex *linguo-musical* laws, and not on purely musical lines. This is still more evident with the romanticists of a later period—Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner.

In the main Wagner was very mistaken in imagining that he was the reformer of opera and that the essence of his reform was the approximation of opera to drama. Far from accomplishing this, there were times when he seriously widened the gap between them, but he did approximate opera to symphony. The Wagnerian music dramas are grandiose symphonies for orchestra with stage accompaniments, and the latter might often be omitted—oftener, perhaps, than we think. Wagner's manner of stating his musical thought is profoundly symphonic; his style, which was to approximate opera to drama, is that familiar to us through Beethoven's symphonies—the style of the sonata-form development. Hence the thematic unity, the continual modulation, the endless melody, the avoidance of cadences, the perpetual dynamism of the construction. The Wagner operas are the

development of grandiose symphonies, the development of thoughts personified in the form of leit-motifs, which are essential to his purpose—purely musical and not dramatic or theatrical—the creation of unity in his colossal compositions, which is maintained by the power of the inward dynamism and grandiose technics of the sonata-form development. Wagner was fully aware that the leit-motif was indispensable to the welding together of these immense tonal organisms. What he needed was 'oligothematism'—construction on a few recurring themes—and the idea of the leit-motif was dictated on the one hand solely by the romantic desire to make music capable of expressing thought, and on the other by the purely musical and structural necessity of securing the obedience of the vast tonal empires created by him. The triumph of the leit-motif up to a certain time and its penetration into the sphere of symphony were due to these ideas.

No one can deny that the Wagnerian drama, like programmatic symphonic music, acquires a greater and entirely different meaning and significance when the leit-motif language is comprehended by the hearer. Once music is concerned with ideas and the symbolism of the notes connected with them, once it is converted into specific language, it cannot be completely understood without a knowledge of that language. Ignorance of a spoken language does not prevent our appreciating the music of its sounds, but they convey no meaning to us, and this applies equally to the words—the leit-motifs—of which the language of music is made up. We are not concerned here with exact imitation, or even with metaphorical resemblance—though it may have a place—but with a specific combination of the laws of musical construction and new themes having a meaning underlying them, a meaning which is emphasised. In symphonic music the entirely natural method of association introduced by Wagner is of necessity replaced by the direct explanation or labelling of the leit-motifs, *e.g.*, 'This is the "Zarathustra" motif,' 'This is the "Tell" motif,' and so forth. Wagner's system is undoubtedly the more artistic and intelligible. The figures on the stage serve as a commentary and expound the meaning of the symbols in a direct and practical manner, whereas the composer's explanation is necessary if we are to understand the musical forms of programme music. Nevertheless in the rational nineteenth century the yearning to endow music with meaning was so intense that the latter method, essentially clumsy, found adherents and received recognition. It is very significant that the leit-motif began and ended its career simultaneously with romanticism. The first leit-motifs are to be found in Beethoven's symphonies; the mysterious secret hidden within them, as it were, was revealed by Wagner. And when, in the twilight of romanticism,

the new impressionist and æsthetic school arises, we see that the leit-motif is discarded—it is not used in Debussy's 'Pelléas.' At the same time the musical tissue displays a tendency, henceforth natural to it, to become simpler, since it feels that a tonal empire in the Wagnerian style could be maintained only by the system of leit-motifs, and that the era of smaller musical kingdoms has arrived. The decline and disappearance of the idea of the leit-motif is organically connected with the destruction of the romantic school of music, with the restoration of the former conception of music as an element which has no concern with ideas. Of recent composers Skryabin alone was a 'leit-motifist,' and therefore a romantic and a believer in thought and idea; his leit-motifs are abstract mystical or philosophical concepts, conventionally expressed by themes. All the composers of our own period have lost interest in this method; even such vast productions as 'The Rite of Spring' and Darius Milhaud's 'Orestes' trilogy are written without leit-motifs—and in connection with this the musical tissue of the big contemporary compositions begins to have no resemblance to the sonata-form of Wagner's operas. Language, which made its way into music in the form of the leit-motif, is vanishing from it, and music is returning once more to the ancient meaningless condition from which it emerged.

I. SABANEV.

Trans. by S. W. PRING.

CHARLES DIBDIN'S MUSICAL TOUR

In the year 1787 the fortunes of Charles Dibdin were at a low ebb—as indeed they often were. He was then forty-two, and had been writing and composing since he was seventeen. He could count at least eighty-six light operas (including 'Lionel and Clarissa') of which he was at any rate part composer. But somehow, he complained, other people had managed to secure most of the profits, and he considered himself a badly used man. He had grievances against Sheridan, Linley and the Tickells at Drury Lane, and against Mr. Harris, the stage manager at Covent Garden, where his *Harvest Home* was shortly to be produced. His connection with the circus, where his productions were sandwiched between feats of horsemanship, had apparently barred the doors of the legitimate stage. He had entered into a scheme which proved to be a 'castle of the air,' for his architect 'with a dastardly speciousness for which a hyena might have envied him' had promised him a licence knowing that the magistrates would oppose it, and the skeleton of the building was blown down by a high wind. He felt that he was the victim of professional jealousy and intrigues, for he had received more public applause than any English composer except Arne—and could anyone else count upwards of ninety songs of his own composition that had been encored?

The theatrical paradise being closed against him, it struck him that the warm and fostering climate of Asia might revive a drooping plant that had been neglected in its native soil. In order to raise funds to take him to India he resolved to set off on a tour through England as a single-handed entertainer and on the way to collect subscriptions for a book in which he proposed to give the public not only a great deal of information about the country, incidentally correcting the road book of Mr. Paterson, but also his sentiments on music in all its points of view—and a great deal more besides.

In the course of his tour he declared that he was very tenacious of not being considered merely as a common exhibitor, his entertainment having been 'fabricated solely with a view to testify my gratitude to a generous public previous to my embarking for India.'

On the 17th of March, with a few shirts and books in a trunk, he seated himself in the Oxford stage coach and left the *regions of smoke* for the *regions of accomplishment*. In his pocket he had a

letter from Dr. Samuel Arnold (like himself a composer of light opera) to Dr. Hayes, Professor of Music at the University.

Technically Dibdin was a 'rogue and vagabond' and as such liable to prosecution for unauthorised performance. Introduced by Dr. Hayes he waited on the Vice-Chancellor who was 'absolute monarch for the time being—like a little Emperor of Germany.' Dr. Chapman was gracious but felt obliged to refuse permission. He had quite lately been under the painful necessity of sending to prison some Italian singers whom the young gentlemen had encouraged to perform without his leave. There had been riots in consequence and one student had actually struck the Mayor. But the Vice-Chancellor, being satisfied that Dibdin's programme had no offence in it, promised to give him a chance of appearing some time in the following term. The promise was kept, 'and as to applause no man ever experienced handsomer encouragement,' but the profit on four performances was not more than ten guineas.

During his stay at Oxford he had much talk about music with Dr. Hayes who, he said, drew from him the half promise that as a defence against the malignity of the ignorant and invidious and to stop the tongue of envy, he would, by composing the proper exercise, take the complicate degree of Bachelor and Doctor of Music. 'This promise, however, so given, I fancy I shall not keep,' he wrote. 'I despise envy too much to fear it—and therefore cannot condescend to silence it. As to the exercise, it is composed—and—be it known to the musical critics—though it is a task infinitely more complex than anything I had before done—I never set myself an easier lesson in my life, so much less difficult is it to work by method than fancy. As however the Song of Hope is a part of it, one half of the Kingdom will witness for me that melody and harmony may be blended; and as I shall, previous to my departure, make a present of the overture to some of the first concerts—particularly those of Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds—the most rigid theorist shall be obliged to confess—that the first *fugue* I ever thought it worth my while to make, is one of my best compositions: for it does not wrong my own-established maxim—of never losing sight of melody—yet it extends and expatiates through all the wide field of modulation.' This passage is absolutely illustrative of Dibdin's parenthetical style and his attitude to music, to himself and to the rest of the world.

Some weeks later he broke off from his tour to visit London to see the performance at Covent Garden of his *Harvest Home* (a failure because of misrepresentation, which infuriated him) and for the Handel Festival. To this came Dr. Hayes, and found him hard at work at his 'exercise,' but 'other pursuits diverted him from it'

and the work was never put to the test, which may have spared kind Dr. Hayes much embarrassment. The Song of Hope from Collin's *Ode to the Passions* is included in the specimen entertainment with which the volume ends and is such a feeble production that it could hardly have been accepted.

After his first visit to Oxford, Dibdin went on to Bath and on the 22nd March began his entertainment, which consisted of introductory remarks (facetious and satirical) and 'patter' interspersed with songs, serious and comic, burlesques and parodies plentifully seasoned with puns. He must have had wonderful versatility to keep an audience interested and amused for a whole evening and where his particular style of humour appealed to the public taste he was successful. He had a handsome face and a breezy boisterous manner. O'Keefe described his happy style of coming on the platform: 'He ran on sprightly and with nearly a laughing face, like a friend who enters hastily to impart to you some good news. Nor did he disappoint his audience, he sang and accompanied himself on an instrument, which was a concert in itself, he was in fact, his own band. A few lines of speaking happily introduced his admirable songs, full of wit and character and his peculiar mode of singing them surpassed all others that I ever heard.' Unfortunately he was received in Bath with an utter want of appreciation, passages which elsewhere kept the audience in a roar were received with gravity and a vacant stare. It was vulgar to laugh in Bath or give way to any emotion indicating pleasure and he devoted several pages to denunciation of Bath society; but he added fourteen subscribers to his list.

In Lichfield it was even worse. The presence of Miss Anna Seward, a *précieuse* without the slightest sense of humour who never wore a smile the whole evening, acted like a blight, for she was the high priestess of culture and supreme arbiter in matters of taste. Mr. John Saville, a Cathedral singer (the 'Swan of Lichfield' really was a goose where her dear 'Giovanni' was concerned), made many professions of kindness and took minutes of the most striking serious songs with a view to singing them himself. The Dean looked grave, Mr. Saville looked grave, everybody but Mr. Peter Garrick looked grave and when a second evening was announced everybody looked grave—and nobody came.

Peter Garrick was a brother of the great David and had given Dibdin a cordial reception. Though he professed great admiration for the actor his reminiscences were all disparaging.

There was hardly a town in which the inhabitants, collectively or individually, did not come under the lash of Dibdin's disapproval. From Bath he went to Bristol where they were less superfine, in

fact it was 'a place, to a proverb, remarkable for hoggishness' and he described them as buried in the muck and grossness of sensual enjoyment. Perhaps this was because his first sight on alighting from the stage coach at his inn was of three live turtles lying on their backs, destined for the feasting of the Duke of Portland who was expected after Easter to receive the freedom of the City. This function stood in the way of the entertainment. He filled in the time by visiting the theatre and his approval of the players is followed by digressions condemning London theatres in general and Garrick in particular. He enjoyed the society of a Mr. Boyton with whom he aired his views, among other things pointing out the absurdity of 'these music-mongers in not keeping apart the different distributions of time' and pretending 'to make one hand play four and the other three in and at the same time,' which the most common understanding, without the smallest knowledge of music, could see in one moment is an impossibility.

Elsewhere he enlarged on the absurd claims of theorists and teachers who continue to keep their scholars two or three years learning what they might upon a plain, easy, simple principle, accomplish in a few weeks. He was proud of being self-taught, maintaining that as a Winchester choir-boy he had learnt nothing more than the gamut and divisions of time, a few tunes and anthems, and that after studying Corelli and Rameau, and having gone through every turning and twining in the labyrinth of harmony he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing more in the system than the common chord and the seventh. He detested 'abstruse resolutions.' Harmony, he believed, should contain nothing but what is neat, convenient and graceful, which everybody understands. From Bristol he went to Gloucester where he found hopelessly dull 'fireside sort of people'—then to Cheltenham with no success, and on to Worcester where he was at first suspected of being an impostor and then had four very decent nights; but on a second visit some time later, after posting 149 miles, he had a very poor reception, which Archdeacon Evans declared to be a reproach to the place.

Wherever he went permission to perform had to be obtained from the supreme authority, sometimes from the Mayor in person—as in Nottingham where the Chief Magistrate asked if there were *drooms* and *troompets* and didn't want a *hoobboob* in the town.

After his gracious reception by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford he was all the more indignant at the coldness and suspicion he encountered from the Cambridge Vice-Chancellor who was not at all sure that the entertainment would be good for the morals of the undergraduates.

It is possible that well-founded rumours of the irregularities of Dibdin's domestic life had reached the ears of Dr. Elliston.

At last after a conversation, reported at length, permission was so grudgingly given that Dibdin considered that he scored over the Vice-Chancellor by declining to take it. Somehow the account of the interview, like many other episodes in the book, reads more like fiction than fact.

Besides applications to municipal authorities the patronage of the nobility and gentry was solicited in obsequious letters, and if granted a good attendance might be expected. At Huntingdon the absence from Hinchinbrook of Lord Sandwich, a noted amateur, kept away the 'musical tribe' and his audience was only twenty-five persons. At Scarborough nobody would stir without the Duchess of Rutland and he had neither time nor interest to conciliate her patronage. He had better success at Newark when, after two thin audiences he solicited the interest of Lady Lincoln, who gave him a most generous and elegant answer, and he had as good a night as he believed the place could afford.

It is difficult to follow his itinerary as his accounts of various places are not consecutive and he flies off to many different topics and old grudges and grievances.

Conditions of travel in his time were certainly unpleasant enough to justify grumbles. He describes the discomfort of a nearly four hours' crossing from Hull to Barton in a poor little sloop when he was the only one of forty passengers not sea-sick. (He must have been a good sailor, for his first sea song 'Blow high, blow low' was composed during a stormy passage of thirteen hours from Calais.) He had the annoyance of being shut up for nine hours on Christmas Day in a diligence between Liverpool and Manchester and enduring the vulgarly spoken monologues of Mr. Astley, whom he had previously encountered in Manchester 'figuring away in great style with horse-manship,' an amusement that Dibdin hated as much as some men do a cat.

His remarks on inns are mostly denunciatory—damp beds, bad food, or if good food, gross overcharges—difficulties about post horses—all these are tediously set forth. The beautiful scenery between Chepstow and Monmouth aroused his enthusiasm and at Hereford, where he had nothing to do, he went out sketching on a Sunday instead of going to church. '*Stupid Hereford,*' he wrote, '*melancholy Lichfield, pitiful Lincoln, frothy York.*'

He describes Coalbrook Dale as a truly awful place where the dusky inhabitants might be mistaken for devils and furies and the entrance

of the blazing furnaces for the approach to Tartarus, and where the sulphur fumes were overpowering.

At Colchester he had noted the decline of the baize industry and the northward drift of our staple commerce. Manufactories which had begun in the centre of the kingdom had taken up their residence in Yorkshire, expanding east and west. He was struck by the large population of the northern towns and the development of the woollen industry, especially at Halifax, which was 'said to be the most musical spot for its size in the Kingdom—for there Mrs. Bates received her musical education—there Mr. Bates has so planted veneration for Handel, that children lisp "For unto us a child is born," and cloth-makers, as they sweat under their loads in the cloth-hall, roar out "For his yoke is easy and his burden is light." ' 'I have been assured, for a fact,' he writes, 'that more than one man in Halifax can take any part in the choruses of the *Messiah*, and go regularly through the whole oratorio by heart; and indeed the facility with which the common people join together throughout the greatest part of Yorkshire and Lancashire, in every species of choral music, is truly astonishing.' He follows this with an adverse criticism of Handel whom he considers a better instrumental than vocal composer, and he praises the minuet in 'Ariadne,' which nothing in music can exceed. But he objects to being crowded into the Abbey—to the tune of two guineas—to be stunned with the abstrusest of his works. As to the other Germans, 'difficulty is the only characteristic of their compositions.' He had no doubt that he could prove that the fame of Arne, whose 'Comus' was in every way superior to 'Acis and Galatea,' would have exceeded that of Handel had he not all his life been discouraged.

At Liverpool, where on his second visit he had six handsome nights and secured more subscribers than anywhere out of London, he heard 'two acts of the *Messiah* performed much more respectably' than he could have conceived, and the chorus did Handel as much credit as if they had been drilled by Mr. Joah Bates, the conductor of the concerts of Ancient Music and the Handel Festival of 1784.

As a composer he rated Purcell higher than Handel, an unpopular view at that time, but his reasons for praise show more prejudice than discrimination. Instrumental music, except as a subordinate accompaniment to the voice, made no appeal to him.

He admitted the admirable genius of Haydn, but did not think there was a fair, well wrought-up movement in his whole works. He called

them the 'strong effusion of genius turned into frenzy—cold, unnatural, complex and dry.'

The northern limit of the tour was Newcastle and it ended on the 4th March, 1788, in Sheffield, where he had already paid several visits. It was there he found an excellent printer who was willing to undertake the production of his book—'The Musical Tour of Mr. Dibdin in which—previous to his embarkation for India—he finished his career as a Public Character,' a quarto volume of about 450 pages, 'written in a greater hurry than ever book was.' The material is in the form of letters to presumably fictitious correspondents whose initials only are given. As soon as printing began the letters were sent direct to Sheffield, and in such haphazard style that Mr. Gales must have repented of his bargain long before the work was issued and it is not surprising that his engagements would not permit him to undertake another impression. One can imagine the rage and disappointment among the subscribers when the book came into their hands. It is no exaggeration to say that of all the towns the author visited there was not one in which he did not insult either the place or the people, sometimes both. In Manchester the inhabitants were, as a community, an army of mercenaries, very inferior to Liverpool, though against the slave trade; the rude, uncivilised Birminghamites in their country houses are compared to a guinea pig imitating a squirrel; in Doncaster, where he spent several days with Dr. Miller, the genial organist, in his pleasant riverside home, he found no taste, no soul—but several subscribers, including Mr. Drummond, the vicar, 'an example of human perfection, no more than 26.' After having poured out pages of spiteful vituperation he assured the public that if he had spoken in strong language it was in the dictates of truth, and that he had not an ungenerous, nor unkind wish to any human being in the whole round of existence. He seldom gave unreserved praise, but when he did it was laid on with a trowel. On his return to London he was able, through some influential person, to secure the patronage of the Prince of Wales, to whom he inscribed his work 'with pride of heart, humble deference and grateful susceptibility,' and H.R.H., 'with all that amiable affability which ever distinguishes the truly noble,' condescendingly allowed himself to be entertained for nearly two hours, and after the song of 'The High-mettled Racer' (one of the best things Dibdin ever wrote) the Prince informed the company that he had himself, about a fortnight before, rescued a broken down old racehorse from the shafts of a hackney post-chaise.

The Prince of Wales at that period was a charming young man, with beautiful manners, not 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' but even so,

Dibdin's panegyric is outrageous. One may grant him ease, grace and dignity of deportment, while having doubts that his 'intellectual intelligence was strong, diffusive and refined, his information select and judicious,' and so forth, but one simply cannot admit that this illustrious youth even then deserved to be pointed out as the protector, benefactor and friend of mankind. 'With these auspicious feelings,' wrote Dibdin, 'I finish my tour'—but he added thirty-eight more letters, including much autobiographical matter, the words and lyrics of an entertainment (in which there is much to justify the 'we are not amused' attitude of Miss Seward and her friends) and 'A General Errata.' Six pages of correction and explanation give some idea of the difficulties in which his erratic methods and villainous handwriting involved Mr. Gales and his staff.

The concluding letter is dated 1st May, 1788. In the following summer Dibdin, with one of his families, embarked for India. But he got no farther than France. He quarrelled with the captain, the sailors mutinied, stormy weather drove the vessel back to Torbay. Dibdin and his family went ashore and his much advertised expatriation was ignominiously abandoned.

ELISABETH M. LOCKWOOD.

RAIMUND VON ZUR-MÜHLEN

On December 11, 1931, at Wiston Old Rectory, Steyning, there passed away, in Raimund von Zur-Mühlen, one of the greatest interpreters of song and oratorio heard in the last fifty years.

Over his mother's shoulder, as a boy, he first studied Schumann's manuscripts: later on he worked at them with Clara Schumann, who also acted as his accompanist in many of his concerts. He was a master in the art of arranging a programme. His standard was so high that he refused to sing Schubert's 'Müller Lieder' in public before he was forty years of age: for twenty years he studied them, making them his very own.

The first 'Lieder-Abend' given by Mühlen in Vienna was quite an event in musical circles. He started his programme with 'Die Allmacht'; suffering agonies of mind at the failure he thought he must be when, at the end of the song, not a single person applauded. But his apprehension at those moments of silence was quite unfounded, for presently the whole audience rose as one man to give him an ovation, all the more impressive after that silent tribute of appreciation and recognition.

One of his great triumphs was his singing and dramatising of Rubinstein's 'Christus.' Rubinstein chose him amongst all artists to take that great rôle, and Ettinger was selected to interpret the part of Mary Magdalene. It was produced and staged at the Opera House in Bremen, and ran for a week. People had been doubtful of Mühlen's ability to act the part. But they had to bow before his genius. He even undertook the management of the production, and had the Opera House and boxes all draped in purple for the occasion. He brought to those performances a great power of interpretation; it is said there was scarcely a dry eye in the audience, so touching was his singing.

And now a man who knew such notable people as Brahms, the Empress Frederick, Bismarck, the late Czar and Czarina, Professor Julius Otto Grimm and many others, has recently died here in our midst at seventy-seven years of age.

He lived in his youth for some years in Germany with Professor Julius Otto Grimm. Grimm was even anxious to adopt him; but Mühlen felt that in accepting such a proposition he might jeopardise his freedom. During his stay there his meeting with Brahms took

place. Brahms had given a concert, and after the performance Grimm brought the young Mühlen back with him to the great man's rooms. Many musicians were present, and Grimm was anxious for the young singer to be heard, although Brahms with his usual gruffness gave no encouragement. Finally, however, Brahms turned to Mühlen and said: 'Can you sing, and what will you sing?' Mühlen answered: 'One of your own songs, "Botschaft."' (This is one of the composer's most difficult songs.) Brahms looked surprised, and smiled; but went to the piano. Neither singer nor pianist had any music, and Brahms was still more surprised as one *Lied* after another revealed Mühlen's unique gift as interpreter; in the end he put his arms around him, and said: 'At last, at last I have found my singer.'

Mühlen was born at Alt Schloss, Fellin, in Livonia, and his childhood was spent in that province, where also his parents had a large country estate. People lived so far apart that estate owners had to be practically self-supporting. They owned big farms, bred their own cattle and horses, and wove their linen from the produce of their own flax fields. He suffered a good deal from the sternness of a tyrannical father; but found compensation in the sympathy and understanding of his mother, whom he worshipped and who made his childhood bearable. He was always different from his many brothers and sisters, but his mother and elder brother showed a loving understanding of his artistic temperament and hypersensitive disposition.

When about nineteen years old, persecuted and misunderstood by others, he ran away to Berlin, where he earned some money as a designer in a large tailoring establishment. On the proceeds he managed to live in Berlin, and to study singing with Frau Hohenschild. Later on he became a pupil of Stockhausen, and in Paris of Critikos. He also studied in Italy.

Mühlen was a very great worker and never wasted a minute. He had a vast *répertoire*, and gave concerts all over Germany, Austria and Russia; also in Paris, Italy, England and Scandinavia. In collaboration with Busoni, Helen Trust and Isaye he inaugurated the Bechstein Hall on May 31, 1901. Victor Beigel, who later became a well-known teacher of singing in London, was for many years his accompanist, and travelled with him on his concert tours.

In 1904, he started a summer course of teaching in his old house Alt Schloss Fellin in the Baltic Provinces. That same summer his mother died. Although at the height of his success, he declared then he would never give any more recitals. In 1905, during his

second summer course in Fellin, the Russian revolution broke out. He himself escaped, but lost many of his possessions. He then came to London, and settled in England as a teacher. He had three summer courses at Neubäuser in East Prussia, a very lovely spot on the Baltic Sea, where many artists followed him in order to study their programmes.

In 1910 he took a country place near Steyning. Last year his home there was burnt down, and most of his cherished possessions were destroyed by fire. He rebuilt the house; but lived in it for only three months before he died.

Mühlen was a splendid teacher as well as a great singer. I heard him once say to a pupil who had brought him the soprano air in Brahms' Requiem, 'You must sing that to the beat of an angel's wing.' Another time, when he was teaching Schubert's 'Wehmut,' and the last three 'Müller Lieder,' he said: 'Perfectly controlled emotion gives wings to your art; and the tears you once have shed will always be heard in your voice.' He has left a book of beautiful vocal exercises, which when published should be a valuable help to students of singing.

He was a great lover of animals and of nature, and he knew the art of inspiring devotion and of drawing out the best in people. His distinctive eccentricities, his compelling magnetism, his intuition and creative genius, his originality and sparkling wit, endeared him to the few; the beauty of his art to many.

GLADYS NEWBERRY.

REGISTER OF BOOKS ON MUSIC

The following list contains a selection of recent books on music. All prices quoted are net, and in the case of foreign books the price given is that at which the cheapest edition can be purchased in the country in which the book is published. As a rough guide the values to the nearest farthing at par of exchange are here given:—Dollar, 4s. 1½d.; Drachma, ½d.; Florin (Dutch), 1s. 7½d.; Franc (French), 2d., (Belgian), 1½d., (Swiss), 9½d.; Lira, 2½d.; Mark (Finnish), 1½d., (German), 11½d.; Krone, 1s. 1½d.; Peseta, 9½d.; Rupee, 1s. 6d.; Schilling, 7d.; Zloty, 5½d. To the price so obtained about one third may at the present moment be added.

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C. B. O.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Die Kunst der Fuge: J. S. Bach. Ed. D. F. Tovey. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 15s.

Companion to the Art of Fugue. By D. F. Tovey. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 15s.

Hitherto we have been much too grateful that anybody should talk about 'Die Kunst der Fuge' at all to complain that nobody has said what we wanted. We have rather swallowed all we got with a gulp and a good grace; we have listened to an Italian mixing Bach's music into a pageant of his own polyphony, and to a German mixing Bach's intentions into the anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner; and it has all hurt us less than the pedantry or indifference of our own country, which, rather than accept Gräser's orchestral experiment, has never heard the 'Kunst der Fuge' at all.

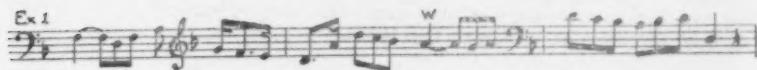
It is all the more gratifying that an English scholar should at last produce an edition which supersedes all that was done before him and must remain a landmark whatever may be done hereafter; moreover that he should append a handbook which not only expounds the intricacies of the work but also fixes our attitude towards it on a firm ground, and incidentally teaches us pretty nearly all that there is to know about the structure of Bach's fugue. Professor Tovey has done more than patch a hole in musical scholarship; he has recast our Bach tradition. For the 'Kunst der Fuge' might never have been written for all we heard it from 1750 to 1928; and from 1928 to 1931 our scores were hardly fit to read, and we made little but mistakes in our criticism. Thus our notions of Bach have been distorted by the omission or misinterpretation of his longest and maturest work of instrumental music. It is as unexpected a production as Euripides' last play; and if we should think differently of Euripides without the Bacchæ, we may perhaps think differently of Bach when we know the 'Kunst der Fuge.'

Public opinion of the work has moved round two poles of error. On the one hand, as Professor Tovey says, 'theorists have told us that it is mainly of theoretical value, but they have not told us what its theoretical value is.' Worse than that, they have taken themselves to imply that it was not meant to be played or heard, and have dismissed the idea of performing it with the assertion that Bach wrote it 'in the abstract,' as a compendium of fugal technique for students. Bach may have written it for what you will; he wrote the 'Wohltemperiertes Klavier' as a test of the two methods of tuning a keyboard, but 'music in the abstract' was beyond his metaphysics, and it is hard to see what theoretical or practical value he would get by teaching his pupils to write music which was not meant to be heard. Professor Tovey has conceived the fugues throughout as things which can and must be played; he has set them within the performer's reach, and vindicated them to the hearer.

On the other hand, enthusiasts reacting from the theoretical misapprehension have injured the 'Kunst' no less by imagining in it what ought to be there but is not, and what is not there and never should have been. They have mistaken the inchoate sequence of the fugues as

they stand for a formal and organic whole (without, however, anatomising the organism); they have incorporated the canons into the middle of it without question; and they have run so mad over the BACH theme as to call it a symbol of 'Ichheit.' Against such Professor Tovey is sceptical—perhaps over-sceptical. He will not hear of playing the work through as one would play a symphony; he is severely agnostic over the canons; and he rejects all the BACH signatures but one. So far from sentimentalising over the broken stump of 'Contrapunctus XIV,' he has finished it himself, and written a fifteenth into the bargain.

But mistakes of general interpretation were hardly surprising when neither theorists nor enthusiasts had a respectable score. The actual text of the 'Kunst' has been well established since Rust's edition of 1878, and Professor Tovey has had little to do beyond correcting a few slips of Bach's pen, too piously perpetuated by that editor. What he has achieved is a sane method of presenting that text; and method amounts to interpretation. The several voices of each fugue are disentangled and distributed between the four clefs soprano, alto, tenor and bass. There is a rebuke in the preface to those who find such clefs troublesome reading, but Professor Tovey need only have asked if they preferred the parts as they were, crazily telescoped into two staves—since they cannot be separated without the use of the four clefs. The old telescoped score involved as maddening a stratigraphical problem as any superimposed excavation of four periods. 'Contrapunctus XIII,' most charming of all the fugues to anybody who has heard it on two claviers, became a mere contradiction in terms to the same person trying to recapture it from the last Bach-Gesellschaft score. Here Professor Tovey's arrangement is in itself a work of æsthetic criticism. Before he separated in small type the free parts which Bach added for the fourth hand, to convert the fugue for two claviers, it was flatly impossible to see either the mirror reflection of the main fugal body or the deft brilliance of the free parts themselves. It is worth quoting an example of the feat we have hitherto missed. Not only does the fourth hand thread the harmonies of a three-part structure without treading on any of its toes, but it does so as melodiously as if it had nothing else to think of:—



As Professor Tovey says in other words, the task of writing a mere canon in 'Hypodiatessaron al rovescio e per augmentationem perpetuus' is nothing to the achievement of this keyboard part.

Another feature of the edition is the treatment of 'Contrapunctus VI.' The 'Stile Francese' is precisely defined with reference to it, and its rhythms are elastically interpreted as the smoothness of the harmony demands. This is delicate rendering of a trivial, if pretty, essay in the idiom, and it is refreshing to see the performer's hand applied to such a palestra of theoretical controversy as the 'Kunst der Fuge' has been till now.

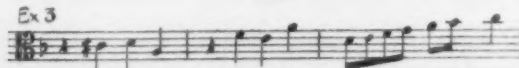
Professor Tovey has said that the work is quasi-didactic, and since he does not mean that it is unplayable nor any the worse, nobody

will call it a blasphemy. His handbook is the text of the lecture which Bach composed. Not the least grateful of its services is to relieve our lungs of many unnecessary gasps by letting us see that mirror fugues and quadruple counterpoint, 'though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.' A generation untrained in counterpoint needed to be shown that somebody now alive could write invertible fugues himself. While it believed that such a feat was not humanly possible, it was bound to think that something was wrong with the 'Kunst.' Until people have grasped that they neither must nor can listen to all the voices at once, and until they have been told, with shocking crudity, that of the 720 possible positions of sextuple counterpoint 'the only ones that matter are those that change either or both the top and the bottom,' they cannot seriously begin to focus their eyes on the art of fugue. Professor Tovey is delighted whenever Bach breaks a rule, but his implication is that the hardest rules are easier to keep than to break.

His analysis of the fugues throughout is terse and admirable. There is a slip here and there not worth mentioning, as when he gives A S T B instead of A S B T for the entries of the subject in 'Contrapunctus XI'; but a glance at his own score sets such matters right. He is especially helpful in pointing out and expounding the modulations and accidentals, so that a careless score reader cannot miss the colour of the tone-play. After following him through 'Contrapunctus VIII,' where the theme is warped by dint of accidentals into A minor and its answer into E minor against the normal G of the alto, nobody will be likely to repeat the common forebodings of monotony in sitting down to two hours of fugues in D minor. While he was about it, Professor Tovey might have mentioned bar 224 of 'Contrapunctus XIV':—



except that it was waste of time to point his telescope at the lightning. At least he does full justice to the tonal mixtures of 'Contrapunctus X.' One might account for its genesis out of the early version (which he sensibly leaves out) by fancying that Bach grew enamoured of his first counter-subject and wrote the new opening to exalt it into a first theme. At any rate the theme,



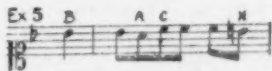
'piovuto non si sa donde,' never reappears again; even Professor Tovey rejected it, on second thoughts, for his original fugue.

On 'Contrapuncti VIII and XI' the handbook is a little perverse. It prefers to leave aside the relation between them (surely one can consider one fugue as another's twin without ceasing to look at either 'on its own merits' as well) on the ground that Bach was taken by surprise at the intransigence of the themes of VIII when he came to invert them in XI. But since the 'Kunst der Fuge' theme is inverted in VIII, it is not unlikely that Bach was already looking forward, when he wrote it, to a fugue in which it should turn normal, and

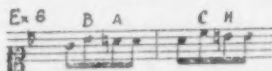
expecting the inversion of the other two themes. Of these, the first is certainly strained—Bach will not venture it in the soprano of the exposition, and shuffles it into the alto under a chromatic run, so that it appears like the man in *Pickwick* found with his head down a drain and a full confession in the left boot—and Professor Tovey is so far right against the view that VIII is made out of material inverted by anticipation from XI. But Bach had a sufficient reason for faking the inversion of the other theme



besides the problem of the unresolved suspensions, although it is a reason which Professor Tovey will not admit. He can sign his name far more clearly with



(bar 93) than with the true inversion in bar 168:—



where it is lost in the middle of the phrase.

Professor Tovey disbelieves the whole business of the BACH theme in XI. He mentions bar 91—'but I cannot believe either that Bach would have anticipated this by the tenor in another key, or that he spelt his name Baccch.' The latter remark should be framed and hung in the studies of all Baconian acrosticists, but in this case Bach would appear to have spelt it with three C's all the same. For bar 91 is not a fair statement of the evidence; it occurs also in bars 94, 137, 168, and 175, not to say in the tenor of bar 135 of 'Contrapunctus IV.' Since it was to be the third theme of XIV and recur in XV, a slightly jazzed signature at the end of the first half of the work cannot be a coincidence. One does not write one's name without knowing it.

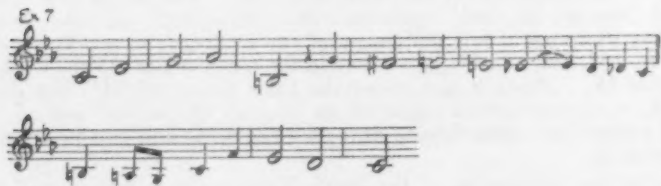
As for the anticipation of the tenor, Bach seems to have paved the way by a gradation. The tenor gives the intervals in the wrong key; the alto says BACCCH unobtrusively in the middle of its theme, and the more obvious soprano starts straight off with it in bar 94.

All this is not to deny that the relation of XI to VIII is somewhat illegitimate, but Bach has so turned the difficulties into ingenuities that the two are most interesting in juxtaposition, as in the Berlin autograph. The first edition may have inserted IX and X between them in order to relieve the nervous strain of two such giant fugues, but hardly to obliterate their connection.

This brings us to Professor Tovey's view of the 'Kunst der Fuge' as a concert piece. He is uncompromising: 'the present sequence, even down to XI, is only accidentally more tolerable as a group than a straight run through half a book of "Das Wohltemperirte Klavier"; and to present it thus is to flout all sense of artistic sequence and of the

greatness of such compositions as III, IV, VIII, IX and X. . . . Here is a fundamental point on which the ultimate appeal lies with the audience. Professor Tovey is far from being wrong, and he may be right; the 'Kunst' is not and cannot be made satisfactory as a whole. The question is what is meant by 'accidentally,' and whether we should lose more than we gain by performing it so.

It is no good looking for the logic of the Fifth Symphony in any sequence of Bach whatever. The suites are composed in a recognised contemporary form, but their connection remains external; they are not sonatas. The nearest parallel is the 'Musikalisches Opfer,' which was certainly played throughout, and Professor Tovey has remarked that the half-close of 'Contrapunctus II' betrays a like intention in the autograph of the 'Kunst.' That the key and the theme are the same all through can hardly be called accidental; whereas the mere sequence of keys in the 'Wohltemperirtes Klavier' is indeed a frigid and casual link. When the 'Kunst' was played through in Dresden to its broken end, the interest in fugal evolution fully sustained attention. Such interest may be called merely intellectual, but theory and æsthetics are hardly distinguishable in a work like this. And it is difficult to take the point that individual fugues would suffer from being played in their order, unless we are insulting the aria on the G string by playing it in its suite. If the fugues really are 'independent pieces of music,' they will claim attention as such in any environment: if they are in some degree interdependent, we have to hear them together and pronounce on the success of the experiment. Professor Tovey may be rightly sceptical in omitting to discuss the relation of the 'Kunst' to the 'Opfer,' yet it is hard to avoid the suggestion that the 'Kunst' arose in Bach's mind out of the problems which he faced in writing his essay on Frederick's theme a year before.



The art of accompaniment from a thorough-bass, as practised in the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries. By F. T. Arnold, M.A (Cantab.). Oxford University Press, London: Humphrey Milford. 1931. £6 6s.

Books that say the last word on their subject are rare. Few subjects of research are definite enough and limited enough to lend themselves to such magisterial treatment; few authors are gifted enough, patient enough, and scholarly enough to exhaust such a subject even when found. This book, however, shows us that the right kind of material does occasionally meet the right kind of man. Two centuries is a long time, but a manageable one; thorough-bass a complicated and difficult, but not an inexhaustible, subject. In Mr. Arnold it has fairly met its match, and the result is a book which, after close scrutiny, appears certain to stand for all human time as the standard work of reference on this particular question.

If any of us had been asked casually how much we could write off-hand about this subject, what should we have replied? We should, I suspect, have shaken our heads dubiously and murmured something about five thousand words—possibly ten thousand at a pinch. But someone who really knew anything about it, we should have added, could probably do a good deal better than that—might even run to a hundred thousand.

Well, Mr. Arnold has written 918 pages, and big ones at that. What the technical description of the *format* may be—royal 8vo or small 4to or what—I cannot say: but the pages measure roughly ten inches by seven, and contain something like six hundred words each. Moreover, there is an immense quantity of foot-notes, in much smaller print, which sometimes occupy half the page or more; all told there can scarcely be less than six hundred thousand words of text or of its equivalent in musical illustrations. That the latter contain so few misprints as they do is a miracle; so far I have only noticed one—a sharp wrongly affixed to the first note of the bass in Ex. 6, page 567. Slips of the pen are equally rare; once more I have come across but one—page 509, immediately following Ex. 9, where ' . . . progression of a consecutive second ' should evidently read ' . . . of an augmented second.' Probably there are others; in a work of this magnitude the inevitable list of errata is completed as a rule by a number of readers, each of whom points out any slips he may happen to notice. But it is evident in this case that both the authorship and the proof-reading have been carried out with very remarkable care and thoroughness.

So judicial a work is not altogether easy to review. It is out of the question to pick out particular points of interest for discussion; there are far too many of them, and to single out two or three would be an arbitrary proceeding. Moreover, each topic raised is discussed so comprehensively that there really is very little more that could be, or at any rate need be, said. Nor on the other hand is it possible to shift the discussion round to Mr. Arnold's general attitude and review it controversially, even for the sake of an argument. Mr. Arnold's method is too impersonal for that. He collates the opinions of all the contemporary authorities touching each point that arises, and lays them before the reader in great detail and with remarkably full documentation, pointing out where they agree and where they differ, but seldom obtruding his own personal view. In the preliminary

discussion on prohibited consecutives, for example, which occupies from p. 397 to p. 403, we are given the opinions of Mattheson, Kellner, C. P. E. Bach, Telemann, Marpurg, and Schröter on this vexed question; then Mr. Arnold sums it up by saying, 'We see from the foregoing that Ph. Em. Bach and Schröter represent diametrically opposite extreme views, between which Marpurg holds the balance.' Not a hint as to whether the author himself leans towards the orthodox Philip Emanuel or the judicious Marpurg or the disreputable Schröter, except that Marpurg's attitude is elsewhere designated as 'admirably sane.' Even the worst intentioned reviewer, therefore, will find it impossible to pick a personal quarrel with Mr. Arnold—and well it is for him that he cannot, for there is no doubt who would get the best of it.

But one can at least indicate the scope and content of the book, and to that extent fulfil part of a reviewer's duty. The first two chapters are historical: Chapter I deals with origins, and is largely concerned with the 'rules' to be found in Viadana's preface to his 'Cento Concerti,' and with the use of the figured notation in Peri, Caccini, Cavalieri, and the early monodic school in general. From these a transition is made to other schools of a slightly later date, and the work of such writers as Matthew Locke, Michel de Saint-Lambert and Andreas Werckmeister is summarised at some length, with abundant quotations. The author is careful to draw the distinction (not always realised) between thorough-bass and figured-bass, and to point out that while the first use of the former may legitimately be ascribed to Viadana, the invention of the figured notation, contrary to the common belief, was really the work of the monodists. In the next chapter, also a very long one, we pass from the seventeenth century to the eighteenth, and once more the principal writers of the period are passed under review and compared, again with very full musical and textual quotation. Mattheson, Telemann, C. P. E. Bach, Kirnberger—it is not really necessary to give a full catalogue of the names. These two chapters together occupy no less than 323 pages, and may be said to constitute part I of the book.

The next two chapters take us from p. 326 to p. 481, and also constitute a separate section by themselves. They are headed respectively 'The general character of a figured-bass accompaniment' and 'On certain niceties of the accompaniment,' the latter heading being borrowed from C. P. E. Bach, whose treatise entitled 'Von gewissen Zierlichkeiten des Accompagnements' affords the principal source of contemporary information in regard to such details. Concerning figured-bass accompaniment in general, Bach goes so far as to say, 'No piece can be satisfactorily performed without the accompaniment of a keyed instrument. Even in the case of music on the largest scale, in operas, even in the open air, when one would feel confident of not hearing the harpsichord in the very least, one misses it if it is left out. If one listens from a height one can distinctly hear every note. I am speaking from experience, and anybody can make the experiment.' Mr. Arnold, in a foot-note, expresses his own entire concurrence in this view; it may be doubted, however, whether it would be generally endorsed by listeners of to-day. Certainly I myself, from the circle or gallery at Queen's Hall, have often watched the pianist pounding away without being able to hear a single note of what he was playing.

at any rate in *forte* passages. And when I have been able to hear him, I have more often than not wished I could not; the sound of the strings is itself so balanced and homogeneous, that the clavier tone strikes the ear intrusively. The harmony, no doubt, is filled out by the keyed instrument—but once again I have to confess that an occasional thinness of harmony, and oddness in the spacing of the chords, comes to my ear as somewhat of a relief, if only by way of contrast. That, however, is only a personal view, and Bach's words leave no doubt that if we want to hear early eighteenth century music with early eighteenth century ears, we ought to insist that some form of *continuo* be always present in performance.

Chapters V to XXII once more constitute a definite and distinct section of the work. They take us from p. 484 to p. 860 and may be regarded as nothing more nor less than a comprehensive treatise on harmony from an eighteenth century point of view. And it is largely from that point of view that elementary harmony is still taught even to-day. And quite rightly so; the frequent sneers and gibes at the harmonic teaching given in our schools of music proceed invariably from glib and half-baked journalists who have apparently never even asked themselves what is the proper object of such teaching. It has, in the main, nothing to do with composition; composers, whether in the schools or out of them, write in whatever harmonic idiom comes most naturally to their pen. The teaching in the schools is an informatory course given to all students to enable them to understand something of the harmonic and structural principles underlying the music they play and sing. And that is very largely music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Moreover, throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century there is no break in the harmonic tradition, rightly understood. There is increasing complexity of detail, and the diatonic is more and more highly coloured by an extended use of the chromatic; but it is safe to say that no one can properly grasp the harmonic structure of Brahms and Wagner who has not first assimilated the principles that guided Bach and Haydn.

This is not to say that our present methods of teaching harmony are perfect, even from this point of view. I think myself they leave a great deal to be desired; harmony and counterpoint are taught too much in a vacuum and not applied enough in that detailed analytical study which is their real justification. Moreover, they are far too much a mere matter of putting things on paper. This is essential up to a point, but it should be largely supplemented by keyboard work, so that harmonic principles and progressions may be thoroughly realised in actual sound. Our authorities rightly lay great stress on the importance of aural training, but they do not yet seem to have realised that aural study and harmonic study are one and the same thing. Very much better results will be obtained when they are treated as a single study, as they are certain to be, sooner or later. In this comprehensive harmonic study figured-bass has a valuable part to play. As it was taught in my youth—i.e., purely on paper—it was the worst conceivable method, for the student was never called upon to choose his own chord progressions, and his initiative faculty was therefore left undeveloped. But figured-bass at the keyboard is an invaluable supplementary study; it quickens the mind, brings the fingers into correlation with the brain, and helps the student to

realise as actual sound the chords and progressions he is beginning to learn on paper. And in his last chapter Mr. Arnold has some very valuable suggestions to make as to the most practical way of teaching it.

And this, for many of us, is not the least of the functions which this great book will fulfil. As a monument of scholarship and research it needs no praise of mine, for it won the instant recognition of all competent authorities in every country. As a foundation for harmonic study in general (and not merely for practice in eighteenth century accompaniment) its influence will be no less profound, though perhaps less obvious at a first glance. Text-book it cannot be: it is far too costly for that. But it is a compendium of learning and practical wisdom which no teacher worthy the name will be foolish enough to overlook.

R. O. MORRIS.

Geschichte des protestantischen Orgelchorals, von seinen Anfängen bis zu den Lüneburger Orgeltabulaturbüchern. By Günther Kittler. Ueckermünde: Wolf Heyer.

This is a dissertation presented for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Greifswald; it deals with the history of the organ-choral in the various Protestant churches from its pre-Reformation origins down to the last of the Lüneburg organ-tablature books, dated a dozen or so years before J. S. Bach's birth. Sweelinck, Scheidt, Scheidemann, Tunder, are the most familiar names and are given the most extended discussion; but Dr. Kittler deals with the whole period in equally scholarly fashion, with as much detail as his space allows. There is a careful and sympathetic chapter on 'Die Virginalisten'—the developments of the choral in the English hands of Tallis and Byrd and Blitheman and Parsons; 'the composition-technique of the virginalists,' Dr. Kittler concludes, 'is not really a gradual development out of vocal music, but has its origin in the discovery by the artists of the special qualities of keyed instruments,' and accordingly certain well-established continental types do not find exact analogies here.

There are a few examples in music-type, but very few and very fragmentary. It is a pity that more, and lengthier, could not have been supplied; a book of this type inevitably loses a good deal of its interest and value if such are absent, however able the research has been.

E. WALKER.

Die Geschichte der Begleitung des gregorianischen Chorals in Deutschland, vornehmlich im 18. Jahrhundert. By P. Leo Söhner. Augsburg: Dr. Benno Filser Verlag.

This very learned and exhaustive treatise on the history of German methods of accompanying plainsong is one of the publications of the Gregorian Academy of Freiburg in Switzerland; the Benedictine order, to which Dr. Söhner is attached, has always been in the forefront in such studies. About a quarter of the book is devoted to preliminaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the remainder to the eighteenth. To the non-specialist musician the numerous and lengthy musical examples will be the pages of most interest, and some of them are very interesting indeed. The more we have been accustomed to

associate the traditional melodies of the Roman Church with qualities of dignity and austerity, the more we shall be surprised, not to say shocked, by such ebullitions (fully authorised, moreover, at the time) as Vogler's sentimental diminished sevenths and chromaticisms in general in four-part writing, and sprightly dance-measures in between the long notes of 'Dixit Dominus,' Aiblinger's luscious violoncello-plus-harp accompaniment (the violoncellist quivering on his unprepared sevenths and ninths) to 'Incipit oratio Jeremiae prophetae,' Knecht's infantile realism for 'Rorate coeli,' or the four pages of really amazing twiddlings from a Salzburg manuscript attributed to Michael Haydn.

E. W.

Diseases of the Musical Profession. By Kurt Singer, M.D. Translated from the German by Wladimir Lakond. New York: Greenberg. 1932. pp. 253.

This interesting book is the work of a specialist in neurology who was at one time a musical critic and has had extensive training in music. Since 1923 he has lectured in Berlin, at the State Academic High School of Music, on the psychology of music and the diseases affecting professional musicians.

The title is intriguing: are musicians subject to special diseases? A glance at the chapter headings at once informs us that the musician shares the maladies common to workers in other professions. Maladies due to emotional strain before appearances in public are shared by members of the theatrical profession, by politicians, barristers, preachers and other orators. Local disorders, caused by the use of musical instruments, would not provide material enough for a book written by a neurologist.

Dr. Singer believes that a good physique is important for success in the musical profession, because so much arduous physical work is demanded. He has not found it possible, from the physical appearance of a musician, to decide what length of time he can safely practise without fatigue. A frail looking person may put in eight hours of practice a day, whereas another, who looks stronger, may weary in one hour. The chemical consumption of the physical energy spent by musicians has been the subject of scientific calculation. It will interest the public to learn that the physical exertion of conducting, when expressed in chemical terms, is surpassed by that of an exacting piano performance.

The value of brief pauses for rest has been studied by our National Institute of Industrial Psychology. Mr. Charles Myers' *Mind and Work* and *Industrial Psychology* have fascinating chapters on this subject. In Germany, Graf and Krapelin have also studied work and rest curves in connection with time spent in practising music. Dr. Singer tested the value of their research and confirmed the fact that great advantage is gained when the musician pauses for rest for two minutes after forty minutes' work, and again for four minutes after having practised eighty minutes. Dr. Singer has wise observations on the relationship of the mind and body. Even in the case of nervous exhaustion the prohibition of all work may have so bad an effect upon the mind that the benefit of the physical rest is lost. If, instead, the physician allows two periods of work of one hour, physical improvement soon follows the hope thus given to the patient. The importance

of relaxation and of sleep is dwelt upon at some length. The usual late hours of musical performances and the social demands of an artist's life make the hours of sleep irregular. Dr. Singer truly says: 'The organism of every person can become habituated to a definite ration of sleep, even a small one, but not to a constant change in the hours of sleep and rest.'

In the chapter dealing with nervousness there is much valuable advice. Every practitioner knows these cases who have magnified some minor symptom, believing it implies the existence of serious disease. The whole future of the unhappy neurasthenic then depends upon the tact and insight of the physician. Comparatively few physicians understand the correct treatment of the artist. They become impatient with his moods and sensitiveness and tend to prescribe a discipline intolerable to the patient. Dr. Singer, realising this fact, concludes his book with these words: 'The physician who wants to understand the professional distress of a musician, and to help him, must be an artist.'

This volume can be recommended to the teacher and the relatives of artists, and to physicians. However, the book has the drawback that a paragraph has often to be read many times over and still its meaning may remain obscure. The medical terms used should be more simple; some are only comprehensible to neurologists. This difficult style hampers the usefulness of the book. We have often noted this laboured, heavy language in translations from the German, and would recommend those who make such translations to begin each day's work by reading French for half an hour. In one sentence a Frenchman can give a large amount of information, so precisely and so lucidly expressed that it leaves an indelible picture instead of a nebulous impression.

AGNES SAVILL.

Moderne Harmonik. By Edwin von der Nüll. Leipzig: Fr. Kistner und C. F. W. Siegel.

This is one of a series of educational handbooks issued under the editorship of Professor Georg Schünemann of Berlin. Its 110 pages are divided into six chapters: an introductory chapter on 'Historical roots,' three on 'The period of the loosening of tonality and the prevailing attraction of dissonance' ('Theoretical foundations,' 'The German development,' 'Debussy'), and two on 'The influx of tonally constructive forces and the advance of the conception of consonance' ('General,' 'Historical style and analysis about 1910'). The year 1890 is, after the introduction, taken as the start of the survey; the numerous music-type illustrations end with two of Bartok dated 1926.

In his preface Herr von der Nüll says: 'Previous treatises on the subject have set out systematically to *explain* whatever in modern harmony is explicable with the help of the classical system; my own aim is above all to teach to *understand*, to make the "system" of modern harmony intelligible in the light of its own nature.'

Whether or not we may think this rather an overstatement, there is no doubt that Herr von der Nüll has taken very great pains with his work; his discussions are very detailed, and he has read very widely, both in the music itself and in the international literature about it.

The chief English treatise, *The New Music* of the ' uncommonly sharp-sighted ' Dr. George Dyson, is often mentioned; the two occasionally differ, but on one of the most crucial points—the cordial dislike of the word ' atonality '—they are in complete agreement.

Herr von der Nüll's pages are thoughtful and interesting; but some of his readers may perhaps feel that, in his desire to make things intelligible, he is at times inclined to over-systematise, to isolate, to forget that all music is ultimately a matter of contexts. At different places he discusses, with just emphasis on its importance, the problem of the combination of major and minor tonalities, quoting, as a pre-war illustration, an interesting passage from Mahler's sixth symphony where, as he rightly points out, orchestration and dynamics are vital factors in modifying the effect of the stark simultaneity (even though the former is veiled by trills) of major and minor triads. But he goes on to compare, as virtually *pari passu* parallels, passages in the first act of 'Tristan' and in Reger's 'Bocklin' suite which are nothing whatever more than the standard melodic-minor-scale-clashes common, in one form or another, up and down the whole range of classical music. Such things are in essence contrapuntal, not harmonic; English music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is a rich but over-neglected store of them in the earlier idioms. And, not content with this, he brings forward as a further parallel the opening of Debussy's 'Poissons d'or':



When he says about this extract, 'F sharp major and F sharp minor (A written as G double-sharp) glitter against each other'—he is very fond, by the by, of accusing composers of wrong notation—one really wonders if he has played the music and not merely looked at it. Surely, this harmony is a perfectly pure F sharp major chord with the G double-sharp as the most normal of appoggiaturas on to the A sharp; the particular method of presentation is merely pianistic, and Herr von der Nüll might as well say that, when Liszt gives a triple semitonic trill on this same chord to both hands in order to get more noise, the right-hand music is in the key of G major.

A writer who can so patently sacrifice his natural musicianly instincts at a theoretical altar can hardly complain if his pages are regarded with a certain suspicion even when they may not deserve it.

E. W.

Alfredo de Ninno. *Storia Della Musica*. Vol. I. Rome: Edizioni Sapientia.

The first volume of Signor de Ninno's history of music takes us to the end of the eighteenth century, noting many phenomena, not every one of which is closely connected with the art of music. No doubt

the Thirty Years War had its influence on German musical life. The causes of the war, however, and the clauses of the Treaty of Westphalia are not the concern of musicians. In a little volume of 255 pages discretion should have prompted a more discriminating choice of material. No one would object to the inclusion of brief notices of Greek tragedians if it did not mean that the space reserved for musicians is thereby curtailed. Seventeen lines devoted to Æschylus are not too many; but four lines for Jean Mouton are decidedly too few.

It may be pointed out incidentally that John Bull was not born 'at' Sommersetshire, but 'in' Somersetshire. Apart from the lack of judgment in the allotment of space, the volume deserves praise for the amount of information collected, is clearly printed and offered to the public at a low price.

F. BONAVIA.

Critiche e Cronache di Arrigo Boito. Milan: Treves.

The title of this collection of articles written by Boito between 1864 and 1872 is somewhat misleading. The most important essays are by no means *Cronache* and the critical articles possess but little worth as criticism since the writer's bias is only too evident. Boito himself in his mature years would have never countenanced such opinions as he expressed in the years of *Sturm und Drang*. The value of these essays is in the first place historical, since they give an admirable picture of the ideas which animated the 'advanced' party in the Italy of Boito and Verdi. Hardly less important, however, is their literary style, which reflects like a mirror the man and his character, his passionate devotion to beauty wherever found, his quick perception, his wide culture, his skill in debate, his sharp wit.

In some ways Boito recalls Berlioz. Goethe appears to have had on Boito exactly the influence Shakespeare had on Berlioz; later, Berlioz went to 'Faust' for inspiration while Boito gave his thoughts to 'Othello' and would have perhaps written music as well as words for the Shakespearian tragedy. But Berlioz's 'Faust' ends in hell; Boito's, following the German poet's, ascends to heaven. Berlioz added a scene in Hungary because he happened to have at hand an Hungarian march; Boito went far beyond the usual length of Italian opera in order to enclose within his frame as many episodes of the original as possible. Their attitude towards 'Faust' is to some extent characteristic of their outlook on life. There is in Boito no malice aforethought, no '*premier serpent a sonnettes*'—but a '*saeva indignatio*'—roused by anything he considered unworthy, as by the applause of the populace which cannot distinguish between good and bad.

The fact that his own judgment was far from infallible is, now, of little consequence, especially as he lived to reconsider his views. Undoubtedly he committed a grievous error when he included the now forgotten Onslow amongst the classics, and he probably overpraised Mendelssohn. On the other hand he fixes very clearly the extreme frontiers of music criticisms when he writes: 'In our art, which is almost ethereal, it is impossible to discuss in strictly logical terms impressions made by the Beautiful. No word from mouth or pen is equivalent to the ideas which emanate from a combination of sounds. The true centre of our enthusiasm in art is that unfathomable instinct

which no one can define and which resides in the most spiritual part of the soul. A real controversy in musical matters is impossible, since we feel our truths too intensively to express them in a manner that can be understood.' All that can be said of Boito is that he was sometimes roused to enthusiasm by music which the succeeding age judges unworthy. But surely no musician exists who has not at some time or other worshipped at the wrong altar? And often exaggeration can be traced to sentiments which do him credit—the desire to vindicate what he conceived to be a wrong, to uphold a sterner ideal of musical art than that which was then held in honour, to combat the 'Sacristans of criticism' whom Mendelssohn addressed: 'You are putting out the great lights so that small candles may shine.'

The tragedy of Boito's life is clearly referred to in the paper on 'Mendelssohn in Italy,' where Boito upbraids the 'lazy' composers who write a hundred operas in ten years instead of sharpening the mind and their tools before setting to work, and compares the artist to a man assailed by a disease of the soul, 'long, meditated, measured, weighed, conscient, heroic, indefatigable, most austere—inspiration.' That was obviously his ideal when he began 'Nerone' taking as his pattern Goethe, who took a life-time to complete 'Faust.' Instead of an Italian Goethe he became an Italian Faust. He would have gone beyond human limits if a second youth had been given to him. There was in this case, however, no gullible Mephistopheles at hand. 'Nerone,' good as it is, lacks the singleness of purpose, the daring of a great work of art. It is a magnificent outline filled in with but indifferent details. With the passing of time came kindliness, knowledge and toleration, but knowledge became the enemy of inspiration and rising doubts killed the simple faith that moves mountains. How brilliantly gifted he was is amply shown by the, critically, less important papers of the collection on 'Street minstrels,' papers bubbling with the joy of young and generous life, written by one already a virtuoso in the use of language.

It is human to be thankful that this great mind should have helped and comforted Verdi. Yet the art of music would have been richer if the two had remained friendly rivals.

F. B.

Verdi Intimo. Edited by Annibale Alberti. Milan: A. Mondadori.

This collection of letters exchanged, during a friendship of fifty years, between Verdi and Count Opprandino Arrivabene, adds but little to that curious autobiography constituted by the *Copialettere*. The topics discussed in the correspondence are many and embrace subjects so far apart as the arrival of a ham, electoral reforms and the state of Italian opera houses. But Arrivabene was too faithful a friend to make a good foil. There is no clash of conflicting opinion to give an edge to the argument. Arrivabene only expresses complete approval of Verdi's actions. If there is a controversy Arrivabene takes upon himself a champion's duty and all that Verdi can do is to return thanks. The tone of the letters seldom varies; there is some friendliness and the same slight tincture of reserve in the first, written in 1861, and in the last, written a quarter of a century later. As a revelation of character the new publication cannot compare with the *Copialettere*. Its value is all in the confirmation it provides of some

of the impressions made by that remarkable collection and in the additional light it throws on the events of the time—Verdi's attitude towards serious contemporary Italian composers, towards the Committee which refused to perform the cantata he had written for the London Exhibition, his tolerance of opinions which differed essentially from his own.

An excellent instance of his moderation is provided in a letter written obviously in answer to some unfavourable comment on a new work of Sgambati. 'I have heard of the success with which the new symphony of Sgambati has been received,' writes Verdi. 'I am not surprised and you should be angry if Sgambati has not a good word to say for Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and with better reason, for myself. It means nothing. All there is to it is that his road is not our road. Nothing wrong in this.' One could hardly believe that the man who wrote this could flare up when an officer of the Customs insisted on certain formalities: 'If those gentlemen knew me a little better they would be assured that I am not the man to defraud the Customs of a single centime.'

The writer, Signor Annibale Alberti, has supplemented the letters with copious commentaries and documents which are occasionally very helpful. At times he is apt to mistake the importance of an episode. It was hardly worth while telling in detail the story of a challenge in which Verdi was not concerned, presumably because Boito was one of the seconds—especially as there was no duel. And the reported assertion of a journalist—wholly unsupported by any evidence—that there was an intrigue between Verdi and Mme. Stolz is apt to be misleading. It is true that Signor Alberti forbears to express an opinion either way; but the mere fact that the assertion is given in full and without the qualification that the charge has never been specified suggests more than it should. There is, of course, no question of morality or immorality. Stolz was not the wife of Mariani and consequently perfectly free to dispose of her affections as best she liked. It is psychology that is wrong. Nothing is known of the cause of the quarrel between Verdi and Mariani. We know that there was a break in their friendship which was never healed, and that Verdi was heard to say angrily to Mariani: 'An honest man does not act like that.' This volume adds a slight piece of evidence, Verdi writing: 'That man (Mariani) played me a trick. . . . ' Neither the first nor the second sentence could come from a man who had done an injury to his friend. On the other hand it is well in keeping with what we know of Verdi's nature to maintain strict silence under an accusation he knew to be unjustified. Failing definite proof, it would seem wiser to ignore what may have been an error of judgment on the part of an enterprising journalist gifted with too keen a flair for sensational news.

F. B.

Das Saxophon. Von Jaap Kool. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 1931.
R.M. 6.80.

This compact little book is intended mainly for the saxophonist, but contains not a little to interest the musical historian in a lengthy chapter on Sax. In this Herr Kool identifies himself with the standard Belgian view which sees in the inventor a man of genius and resource grossly misunderstood and maliciously persecuted by rivals and detractors.

tors. But what Fétis and Comettant did not see some seventy years ago, and what the author of the present work does not fully realise even now, is that the conflict was one not so much of personalities as of methods, of theory *versus* empiricism. Sax was the pioneer of modern factory production, and was unwise, therefore, in choosing Paris, then the home of fine craftsmen, as the centre of his activities. An embittered and prolonged contest resulted from which neither Sax nor his opponents emerge with credit. The reader will do well to remember that there is as much to be said on one side as on the other, and will not accept all Herr Kool's statements in this chapter as fully proved.

But while Herr Kool is led at times too far by his enthusiasm he will earn the gratitude of all researchers in this field by his timely exposure of the Desfontenelles legend. Desfontenelles was a clockmaker of Lisieux, who in 1807 constructed a wooden instrument not unlike a saxophone and apparently with a similar bore. This has generally been accepted as the prototype of the saxophone, and Sax stands accused of yet one more plagiarism. But in this instance he is guiltless; for the Desfontenelles instrument when overblown gives not an octave, as was generally supposed, but a twelfth, and is therefore to be classed as a bass clarinet of primitive type. Two errors may be noted in this section. On page 186, Müller is credited with the introduction of a clarinet *auf dem Böhmischen System*. This is to anticipate the reformation of the clarinet by thirty years, and the credit for it was due not to Müller, but to the Parisians Klosé and Buffet. Again on page 186, Lazarus, the famous English clarinettist, is said to have invented the tenoroon, an instrument in common use at least half a century before his birth.

It remains to say that the author deals exhaustively with the technicalities of the instrument, methods of fingering, modelling and disposition of the mechanism, reeds, mouthpieces, embouchures, and that his exposition is much aided by the excellently reproduced illustrations and musical examples. The presswork throughout is uncommonly good, and misprints, even of foreign names and words, commendably rare.

F. G. RENDALL.

Antonio Bartolomeo Bruni, musicista cuneese. By a number of Italian and French writers. Turin: Lattes. L.20.

Local piety has instituted researches into the life and works of this eighteenth century musician of Cuneo (Coni) in Piedmont. The result is the well printed, fully documented volume before us in which every shred of information has been assembled to make a portrait and form a critical study. The task of delving among these remains as they are displayed here has not, it must be owned, brought anything of outstanding merit to light. Bruni (1751-1821) lived at a period when the worth had gone out of Italian music. Neither in France, where he worked for many years, were things any better. And since it was to these two countries that Bruni turned for inspiration and for livelihood (evidently a difficult matter for him) it seems hardly likely that his music would possess or even reflect any positive virtue. Judging by the numerous examples included in this volume he was one of those composers who have the misfortune to come not before a great period (in which case their music will at least have the interest of an

utterance to some extent prophetic) but after it. They seem able to do nothing more than repeat with less skill and originality what has already been said once and for all by genius. Their lot is an unhappy one (in that we agree with de la Laurencie's 'il povero Bruni . . . stanco e deluso'), for although they have the technical means they eternally lack the power of using them. Bruni, probably pupil of Pugnani, composed besides a great deal of concerted music a large number of operas. His music remains dead, but for the historian he may well have interest, in which case the volume before us will provide all that is known or need be.

SC. GODDARD.

Les maîtrises et la musique de chœur. Par Henri Bachelin. Paris: Heugel. Fr.1.50.

The subject of this short study is the origin of ecclesiastical music in France and its development down to the present day. Of necessity the matter, which is a vast one, is treated in these 60 pages with scant comment, and the style is kept on the plane of the catalogue. But the information, though it is put to few purposes other than that of mere mention, is worth having at one's call in this concise form. The *maîtrises* were the choir-schools which provided singers and players for the service of the church, and in which musical education, that varied according to the period, was given. These seminaries, which were fairly common in France from the fifteenth century onwards, were under the jurisdiction of the church and had their own statutes, customs and privileges. During the revolution these were curtailed and eventually the schools were suppressed, though they revived later. But the church could not, or would not, provide its musicians with a living wage, and in the nineteenth century deterioration set in, graver than that which at an earlier date had threatened the conservative style of the *maîtrises* with the introduction of a freer style derived from opera. Eventually the *Schola cantorum* was founded in Paris and a more hopeful outlook for French ecclesiastical music, apart from the *maîtrises*, obtained. The author questions the possibility of the *maîtrises* undergoing resuscitation.

SC. G.

Sibelius. By Cecil Gray. Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford. 7s. 6d. net.

In reading this study one's feelings are divided between interest of two kinds: in the information on the main points of Sibelius's career and the analysis of his works; in the opinions the author puts forward with judgment force. These latter are, as they probably were meant to be, provocative, a matter of personal bias. Their acceptance must be governed by the same quality in the reader.

Although of late there have been signs of growing interest in Sibelius's music, England being one of the first countries to show it, there still remains a vast amount unknown even here. We know the early symphonies a little, the later ones rather less, none sufficiently to be at home with them as we are with Beethoven or Brahms. And then what of 'Luonnotar,' 'The Oceanides,' the Kalevala legends

for orchestra, the incidental music to 'The Tempest'? One excuse for this neglect is the inaccessibility of the music. The full score of the seventh symphony was quoted at over five pounds, that of 'Searamouche' at over six, even before the pound fell. Nevertheless Sibelius's music will have perforce to be heard *in toto*. It is manifestly in the grand succession and of a most moving quality of expressiveness. Its power is already being felt in this country, and it is only a matter of time before the demand becomes strong enough to make it possible for purveyors of music to take the risk of introducing and repeating those works we only know now by hearsay. That Sibelius is in direct line of descent from Beethoven is a conviction that has been growing in the minds of many, though it needed Mr. Gray to put the matter clearly. Further than that it seems unnecessary to go. In our opinion the case is weakened by the dogmatic assertions of p. 198 ('the greatest master of the symphony since the death of Beethoven'), p. 187 ('the symphonies of Sibelius represent the highest point attained in this form since the death of Beethoven'), and p. 195 ('in no other respect can he be regarded as at all inferior even to Beethoven himself as a symphonist'). Such *obiter dicta* are acceptable in so far as they represent a considered body of opinion. They are dangerous for an unwary reader. Mr. Gray explains what he considers the only true type of symphonic growth, and by implication we are able to gather fairly exactly what is meant by 'the highest point.' He rules out certain matters as being incompatible with it—the long-winded method of Franck, absence of 'gaiety, verve, spontaneity, abandon' in Brahms, etc.—and so makes an arbitrary selection of right and wrong. But composers will continue to employ all these subversive methods and their works still be symphonies, not according to Mr. Gray's definition, but according to the example of acknowledged genius. For the symphony is not 'the classic style *par excellence*' if by 'classic' is meant pre-Beethoven, seeing that great symphonic music has been written under that sign ever since the eighteenth century. Mr. Gray would have us throw all that overboard. Yet need that be? Sibelius is a symphonist, Brahms another. For one listener Brahms will have all those qualities Mr. Gray denies him, and Sibelius none of those with which he is loaded. If, then, two listeners can have diametrically opposed views as to what is 'in' a work, how come to an agreement? And if not agreement on that point, how decide whether according to Mr. Gray's measurements of æsthetic qualities—'gaiety, verve, spontaneity, abandon'—a given work is or is not symphonic? Only in matters of formal construction can one symphony be exactly compared with another.

We imagine that it is because Sibelius's are so free in form, and therefore cannot be likened to the model (pre-Beethoven) symphony, that the author has felt obliged to discuss not formal so much as æsthetic values, and those in an art where such subtleties can never be traced immutably but are found by each listener for himself, in himself. Mr. Gray hears certain æsthetic qualities in Sibelius, others in Mahler, in Brahms. We also, but with a difference. Yet though there is this fundamental disagreement as to what is 'in' a Sibelius symphony the work, according to Mr. Gray, is always a symphony. If, then, neither absence nor presence of these qualities alters Sibelius's

position as a symphonist, that fact also leaves Mahler and Brahms where they were. And so at the end of this book we remain with no clearer idea of what a symphony should be, but with a much clearer idea of what Sibelius's music is, for few writers have Mr. Gray's gift for describing music succinctly and arrestingly.

Sc. G.

An epitome of the laws of pianoforte technique. By Tobias Matthay. 3s. 6d. net.

Contrapuntal harmony for beginners. By C. H. Kitson. 3s. 6d. net. Oxford University Press. London: Humphrey Milford.

In summarising his larger work, 'The visible and invisible,' Prof. Matthay has done a service to his pupils and also made it possible for those less fortunately placed to obtain a clear idea of the general principles on which his teaching is founded. For this reason the present short, concentrated volume is valuable, and also because no space is given to anything but the matter in hand, and that matter is treated with the utmost conciseness. Whether much has been lost in the process of slimming is impossible to say without knowledge of the earlier publication, though whatever sacrifice there may have been of the extended discussion of details will almost certainly have been repaid by immediate availability of information as given here. The author is intent on clarity and is against shams. He realises that, like all 'methods,' the present one owes as much to the past as it expects to hand on to the future, adding to the wisdom and experience of former teachers something of its own. The importance of Prof. Matthay is to be found in the fact that he is the first great teacher clearly to tabulate his precepts, without redundancy or 'frills.' That he should feel it necessary to insist on the need for taking 'the trouble to master the facts of technical equipment intellectually' draws attention to the dangerously intuitive condition of much of the teaching of art and reminds us of the value of a book such as this which exercises the reader's intellectual faculties as much as his fingers.

Prof. Kitson's booklet is a companion to his 'Elementary Harmony.' This also is the bare bones of the matter. A student of counterpoint must have his 'harmonic basis firm.' At the same time a student of harmony must know something of the proper movement of parts. In which order do you set him to learn these? Prof. Kitson runs them in double harness so that the one shall, at need, help out and explain the other.

Sc. G.

Gustave Charpentier. Par Marc Delmas. Paris: Delagrave. Fr. 15.

Laissez parler votre âme! This motto, which appears on the first page, must have guided M. Delmas while writing this little study of his hero. There are not a few signs of feeling having dictated the course which intellect was soon forced to abandon. The result is hardly edifying, though the author manages to draw a likable enough portrait of the composer, to give a few amusing anecdotes and to sketch

the uneventful life history. Charpentier wrote 'Louise.' M. Delmas will have us believe that to have been an event of great importance not only for the composer (with 'Louise' Charpentier, we are told, began 'l'ascension . . . vers la Notoriété, puis la Renommée, puis enfin l'Immortalité,' and that is something) but for the world. 'Louise' is a sound piece of writing, showing its composer as the true disciple of Massenet he was when he wrote it. The other works, of which M. Delmas gives descriptions and examples, do not seem to have been turned out as effectively as 'Louise.' However, the study of Charpentier's music, which we still await, may help us to a more favourable judgment.

Sc. G.

REVIEWS OF PERIODICALS

La Revue Musicale. Paris. December, 1931.

A special Chopin number. The article by Bronislawa Wojcik-Keuprulian entitled 'Considérations sur les éléments du style de Frédéric Chopin' is a very good example of what such a technical study should be. The method is correct and exact, the writing wastes no words, the article is filled with useful information. For the musician this is probably the best article in the present issue, though one by Georges Migot ('L'orchestre latent dans le piano de F.C.') and another by Yvonne Lefébure ('A propos d'un manuscrit,' the G minor ballade) are also excellent. Mme. Wojcik-Keuprulian's article appears to have been taken from a book which was published in 1930 and evidently still remains in its original Polish, a fact which should be brought to the attention of an expert translator as soon as possible. Another article also forms part of a book, in this case not yet published. The writer is André Gide. His article, which makes fine reading, tells a good deal about Gide, precisely nothing about Chopin's music except as it produces reactions upon the writer. Its real place is in a special Gide number. For the rest, the historical articles are informative, while attention may be drawn to a note by Cortot (on what Chopin owes to France) and another by Szymanowski (on Chopin and modern Polish music). The number is interestingly illustrated.

January, 1932.

A special Vincent d'Indy number. The article by Paul Dukas gives the point of view of a disciple and intimate friend. That by Henry Prunières tells also of d'Indy the man and places d'Indy the composer in the ranks of modern French musicians. Cortot takes a special province in his article on the pianoforte works. There is a short note by Honegger on d'Indy the teacher at the Conservatoire. That ends the set of articles given over to this subject. Further there is a series of notes—illuminating, some of them—taken from a course of lectures on the voice given by the well-known singer Claire Croiza. They are well worth reading on the one hand to refresh the memory with things other people have said before, on the other hand to enjoy the charming way in which they are put here.

Revue de musicologie. Paris. November, 1931.

A Rumanian writer, Const. Brailoiu, in discussing the terms and uses of a possible 'méthode de folklore musical,' draws attention to the close relationship between that and sociology. Nowadays the peasant population, urged by economic necessity and furnished with an easy means of transport, moves away from the native ground, taking its customs and its tunes with it. To trace such movements more than a musical knowledge must be brought into play. (This

exceedingly useful article should be read in conjunction with the one by A. Machabey in the last issue of this journal.) There has lately appeared a study by seven writers of the life and works of Bartolomeo Bruni, an eighteenth century Italian musician. L. de la Laurencie, one of the authors, contributes an article on the musical activities of Bruni in France. An article by E. Borrel deals with unequal note-values in old French music, taking as starting-point a remark in Bourgeois's *Le droit chemin de musique* (1550).

La Rassegna Musicale. Turin. November, 1931.

Beginning by noticing the 'protesta corale, munita di rispettabilissime firme' (the Adler-Dent-Shaw-Elgar dispute of last year), Guido Pannain goes on to discuss the present state of creative music in England and from that proceeds to a detailed survey of the work of Vaughan Williams, whose name heads the article. The general tone of this study is appreciative and its judgments are fair. The writer has evidently studied his subject thoroughly, not only as regards the actual music of Vaughan Williams, but also that of contemporary English composers. (In talking of Elgar the writer mentions certain 'Variazioni Sinfoniche.' If by that is meant the 'Enigma variations' the title is inexact. Or is there confusion here with Parry's 'Symphonic variations' which were introduced to Italian audiences by Martucci in 1898? Sig. Pannain says the work, whichever it may be, is 'piagnucolose' (whining, whimpering), which may possibly help some readers to place it.) An informative article is contributed by Gino Roncaglia on Pasquini's 'Tirinto o Sincerità con Sincerità' (1672), which exists in manuscript in the Este Library at Modena. This work has not so far been mentioned in the dictionaries. Alfredo Parente continues his study of the æsthetic of music in contemporary Italy. A. Lourie writes on Mozart's influence.

De Muziek. Amsterdam. October, 1931.

Leos Janáček (d. 1928) is the subject of an article by Hans Holländer, which gives useful information. A lengthy study by Bertha van Beynum is on the eighteenth century harpsichord-maker, Bartolomeo Cristofori of Padua, now acknowledged to be the inventor of the pianoforte. The article before us takes the matter no farther than the researches of Leto Puliti had led, though it gives all the known facts and puts the case clearly as between Cristofori and Schröter.

November.

For those interested in the present position in music with regard to relations between artist and public there is Willem Pijper's article 'Kenterend getij' ('shifting sands' is a fair rendering of it). For those who want information on differences in the technique of violoncello playing there is Piet Lenz's article on the Alexanian-Casals method.

January, 1932.

Henry de Groot's biographical notice of d'Indy reads well and is to the point. Theo van der Bijl writes informatively about old and modern organs with examples (tables of registration) from sources both

ecclesiastical (or in concert halls) and secular (cinema). A lengthy article dealing with problems of colour-tone comes from J. T. Schaddelee.

February.

Paul Pisk's note on the pianoforte style of Max Reger repays study. An unusual subject for an article is that by P. T. A. Swillens, the development of modern carillon playing in Holland, which has useful information to impart on a matter for specialists. An excellent article on Walloon and French *chansons* in the first half of the sixteenth century comes from K. Ph. B. Kempers.

Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft. Leipzig. October, 1931.

The development of opera in Vienna in the latter half of the eighteenth century forms the basis of Walther Vetter's fully documented article. The writer makes most mention of Wagenseil in this respect, tracing his influence on such small fry as Giuseppe Bonno and on bigger men like Galuppi and even Glück. From J. Blaxland (London) comes a note descriptive of a hitherto unknown canzonette by Beethoven, found by him in the British Museum (in print). The find is a rare one and the discoverer is to be congratulated. It must be owned that actually the piece is a dull little thing.

November.

The death of Peter Wagner is suitably commemorated by Johannes Wolf. From Herbert Rosenberg comes a lengthy discussion dealing with the relationship between text and melody in certain songs in the Locheimer Liederbuch. This paper, an excellent piece of thorough research, is fully illustrated. Josef Zuth contributes a bibliography of mandoline music in the library of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna.

December.

An important paper is contributed by Otto Deutsch and C. B. Oldman. This is a bibliographical supplement to Köchel's Mozart Catalogue, containing valuable information about printed works that appeared during Mozart's life-time. A further instalment is promised. A contribution by Helmut Schmidt discusses problems of modulation and melodic formation as found in the works of Leoninus and Perotinus. A systematic enquiry into the history of the use of *leitmotif* in opera is admirably carried through by Karl Wörner.

Sc. G.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC

Pianoforte

Kaikhosru Sorabji: *Opus Clavicembalisticum*. This work deserves pride of place before any other pianoforte music mentioned in this issue, for two reasons. Firstly, it is a work of immense length: 252 pages of organ folio. Secondly, it is unlike any other pianoforte music that has come our way. The first of these facts presupposes an amount of application which is unusual and which in itself demands similar attention on the part of a reviewer. The second fact also repays looking into. The lay-out of some of these movements is not unlike that to be found in early seventeenth century clavier music—Sweelinck's 'Fantasia chromatica' is a good example—wherein, one feels, the composer has become enamoured of sounds and goes on weaving patterns regardless of time, space, key or consecution of idea. We have chosen the 'Fantasia chromatica' because in that there is evidence of another preoccupation which Mr. Sorabji manifestly delights in, the colour of chords. Sweelinck could go only a short distance along this road, Mr. Sorabji often disappears from view altogether. A later example of this excessive pleasure in sound for sound's sake, colour for colour's, may be seen in the work of a forgotten modern French composer, Maurice Delage, whose 'Schumann' is in some ways a forerunner of this 'Opus clavicembalistica,' but without the great length (the whole of it is about equal to one of the twelve movements of the 'Opus') and with a French delicacy where the 'Opus' has an oriental richness. Mr. Sorabji is half Parsi, half Spaniard. In this work one is reminded of the ebullient redundancy of ornamentation at Halebid and Mount Abu, an exuberance of reiterated statement that is bewildering and cloying to a western student. Possibly it is this that makes so much of Mr. Sorabji's writing in the 'Opus clavicembalistica,' despite many bars of great beauty, a very hard task for us. Both the variations and the fugues are of intense complexity, a fact that would not daunt one if some consecutive thought could be traced in them, or some idea which aroused interest and so became a matter worth following through. The work, besides, is of great technical difficulty. The author, in a note appended to the score, forbids public performances unless by his express permission. The score is extremely well produced by Messrs. Curwen.

Frederic Austin: *Maid's delight*. Three well-written movements, not at all complex, of moderately technical difficulty. The second, called 'Running Dance,' is an original idea and a very effective piece of ornamental writing. [Curwen.]

Max Reger: *Aquarellen*. Five short pieces, none of them exactly inspiring. The 'Northern ballad' is worth looking at, the 'Humoreske' is dry and not unattractive, the rest can be passed over. [Augener.]

Miniature Full Scores

Max Trapp: *Divertimento*, op. 27. (Single wood-wind, horn trumpet, trombone, tuba, drums, strings.) Five short movements: Intrada (Allegro), Serenata (Andantino), Scherzetto (Allegro), Aria (Larghetto), Finale (Vivace). In reviewing this composer's Fourth Symphony (*MUSIC AND LETTERS*, April, 1931), we said that the style of writing was that of 'middle-period Mahler.' Here again there is some similarity between Trapp's use of the orchestra and Mahler's in 'Das Lied von der Erde,' for instance. In addition there are signs of original thinking and that about the work which makes one wish to hear it in its right setting.

J. S. Bach: *Two church cantatas*—'Schauet doch und sehet,' 'Himmelskönig, sei willkommen.' Two further examples of this excellent edition. They are models of their kind, clearly printed, well spaced, on good paper, with an introduction and notes in German and English. (Eulenburg. London: Goodwin & Tabb.)

Opera

Frank Bridge: *The Christmas Rose*. An opera in three scenes (in and near Bethlehem). As regards the musical style, this varies from chordal-counterpoint of consecutive fifths, etc., to a more indeterminate manner characterised by sequences of added-sixths. The parts of the shepherds are given prominence by the use of a theme suggestive of pastoral pipes. The short choruses which open and close the opera are admirable and thoroughly effective. [Augener.]

Hindemith: *Wir bauen ein stadt*. This is called a play for children. It was performed at the Oxford Festival last year. The present edition has English words only. An introductory note by the composer explains that the play is not meant for grown-ups to look-on at, but for children 'to practise and learn from.' The music is utterly simple. The play's the thing. The players are to be allowed to add to the play by introducing fresh instruments and more 'business' at will. It looks like being an amusing entertainment for them. [Schott.]

Choral works

Schönberg: *Friede auf Erden*. Unaccompanied chorus. Of extreme difficulty not only because the progressions are unusual (they can be learnt), but because the tessitura is often uncongenial. This is an attractive and moving work. The constraint implicit in choral writing appears to have caused Schönberg to curb the angularity and disjointedness that is to be found in his instrumental music. Here there is a great deal of smooth writing. [Tischer & Jagenberg, Cologne.]

Stravinsky: *Four Russian peasant songs*. Unaccompanied small chorus. These date from 1916. Presumably no one else could have done just this with the tunes. Or is it all a joke? Misprint in time-signature on p. 5, bar 3. [Chester.]

Eric Fogg: *The Seasons*. A setting for chorus and orchestra of four poems by Blake. It was performed last year at Leeds. Some of the musical phraseology is of a kind we have heard before, notably the rising passage (at figure ten) in 'Spring.' But the texture of the writing is firm and the manner very able. There are some moving

things to remember—the opening of 'Summer' and the solo for the basses in 'Autumn.' [Elkin.]

String quartet

Haydn: *Quartet opus 1, No. 1*. Newly edited after the original editions by Marion M. Scott. There is something peculiarly attractive about Miss Scott's introduction in which she tells of her search among dull old editions of Haydn's quartets, of how she got on the scent of something older than all of them and yet newer than any. It must have been an exciting chase, and one cannot help envying at the same time as one congratulates Miss Scott on having carried a first-class piece of research to so successful a conclusion. As for the work itself, its musical value is in inverse ratio to its immense historical interest. An uninspiring and (curiously enough) uninspired little piece of student-workmanship. Not all our piety can make us see more in it. [Oxford University Press, in an admirable edition.]

By an error in our last issue we gave the publisher of Warlock's song 'Bethlehem Down' as [O.]. It should have been: Winthrop Rogers.

Sc. G.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Orchestral

COLUMBIA.—Haydn: *Toy Symphony* (British Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner). This must be accepted for what it is, a joke. The toy trumpet is exquisitely out of tune, as it should be. A recording by a purely amateur body of players would have had an even more authentic flavour. Here the strings are a shade too expert.

Weber: *Euryanthe* overture (Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Willem Mengelberg). The sort of record to play before a person who had never heard the work and whom one wished to get a right idea of it. The performance is exact and at the same time sensitive. Whatever may be said in dispraise of Mengelberg's methods as an executant he remains the soundest of the great conductors. Granted a certain stolidity, a momentary obviousness in his commentary on the music, the basis of his interpretation is closely allied to the music itself. In this record there is nothing but straightforward playing of splendid quality, and the result is wholly satisfying.

Weber: *Der Freischütz* overture (Concertgebouw Orchestra, conducted by Willem Mengelberg). This is also extremely good, not quite so true as the record of 'Euryanthe' (the excessive *rallentando* at the end of the first side, not in the score, is needlessly stylised and introduces a false imagery). With this reservation it can still be recommended.

C. Friedemann: *Slavonic rhapsody* (B.B.C. Wireless Military Band, conducted by B. Walton O'Donnell). Good playing and effective recording of a most uninspiring piece.

H.M.V.—Borodin: *Second symphony* (L.S.O., conducted by Albert Coates). The newcomer to this beautiful work, finding the music much to his taste and the playing energetic and exhilarating, must be warned not to take the interpretation, which is very much a matter of the conductor's way of seeing things, on trust. On the first side alone there are five questionable readings of the directions printed in the score. They have to do either with the taking-up of a certain speed or with the insertion of *rallentandi*, etc. Gradually such things distort a performance, giving a wrong idea of the work to a beginner, becoming exceedingly aggravating to those who know it already.

Delibes: *Czardas* and *Mazurka* from 'Coppelia' ballet (L.S.O., conducted by Eugène Goossens). Distinctly disappointing that this is all that could be found for Goossens to record. It is, of course, a good representative of its kind and presumably has its market value. The playing is excellent.

Liadov: *Kikimora* (L.S.O., conducted by Albert Coates). Reliable playing, good recording, nothing very inspiring about the interpretation, but at the same time nothing unreasonable. The music wears well.

Josef Strauss: *Sphärenklänge waltz*, and Ziehrer: *Wiener Mäd'l'n*

waltz (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Clemens Krauss). The first is charming, the second passable. Both are excellently played.

Moskowsky: *Two 'Spanish' dances* (New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by whom?) Nothing is made of these. Admitted that little ever could be done with them, but they have sounded more lively as pianoforte duets than here. The playing is slick and efficient.

Sullivan: *Overture 'Di Ballo'* (L.S.O., conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent). This is a curious choice prompted, probably, more by national piety than by any artistic considerations. Sullivan wrote the work when he was twenty-eight, and for that age it is wonderfully good, all the old clichés placed with an assurance that Mendelssohn himself could not have bettered. But why bring up the matter now when the poor man is no longer here to protest or explain? However, there may be some to whom this sort of thing will appeal. They are advised to get this record, for it is excellently turned out and very well played. Again, for the collector of curiosities it will be treasure-trove, a cabinet piece.

Chamber Music

COLUMBIA.—Dvorák: *Pianoforte quintet in A major* (the Lener Quartet, Olga Loeser-Lebert). The only criticism that can be offered is that the balance is not good. The pianoforte sounds laboured and continually checks the strong rhythm of the strings. They, on the other hand, are wholly excellent, a completely homogeneous ensemble among themselves. Thus though the performance does not hang together, the record provides many exquisite moments.

Schumann: *Träumerei*, and Bach: *Adagio from the C major organ toccata* (the Lener Quartet). The organ transcription has something of the quality of that instrument, with the swell in use and the tremulant as well. Both of these movements are models of their kind.

H.M.V.—Beethoven: *String quartet in E flat, op. 127* (the Flonzaley Quartet). In the slow movement the first violin's tone is sometimes hard and the intonation variable. The other three strings are perfectly matched, but the defection of the leader destroys the ensemble of tone, though the ensemble of time is excellent. In spite of this failing the record should be heard. There is a quality about the interpretation which is more stimulating than that to be found in almost any other of the great modern quartets.

Schubert: *String quartet in G major, op. 161* (as above). The same applies here. It is much to be regretted that the first movement is cut. Whatever commercial reason there may once have been for this sort of thing, there never can be any from the artistic point of view. It is a policy, now, we believe, a thing of the past, that has done more than anything to alienate intelligent interest from the gramophone.

Vocal (with Orchestra)

H.M.V.—Bizet: *Votre toast je peux vous le rendre (Carmen)* (Lawrence Tibbett, the Metropolitan Opera House Chorus and Orchestra, conducted by Giulio Setti). The voice, which is all that counts in this

style of recording, is magnificent, with something of the quality of Chaliapine's upper register. On the other side is *Tre sbirri, una carrozza* from Puccini's 'Tosca,' equally finely sung.

Darjomidsky: *Mad scene* from 'Roussalka' (Chaliapine, Pozemkovsky, orchestra and conductor not named). It is necessary for the full appreciation of this to have the scene as played last summer at the Lyceum before the mind's eye.

Ravel: 'Ah! la pitoyable aventure' from 'L'heure espagnole' (Fanny Heldy, orchestra conducted by Pierre Coppola). This is admirable. The voice is well suited to the music, the singer knows it adequately, the delicate orchestral accompaniment comes through satisfactorily.

Wagner: *Closing scene* from 'Götterdämmerung' (Frida Leider, the Berlin State Opera Orchestra conducted by Leo Blech). There is nothing wrong with this. Short of the real thing it is as much as anyone should expect. During the coming summer those who have been sensible enough to buy this fine record will have the melancholy pleasure of indulging in scraps of past opera seasons.

Wagner: *Lohengrin's* narration and *The Meistersinger prize song* (Richard Crooks). A slightly hard tenor, but though he does not impress one with his powers of interpretation he knows a vast amount about the art of singing.

Wagner: *Two excerpts* from 'Meistersinger,' Act 3 (Melchior, Schorr, the L.S.O., Robert Heger, Lawrence Collingwood). Both of these singers are known and generally liked here. Melchior's singing of the prize-song has all that generous warmth which one misses in other records. Schorr's notable combination of agility and power comes through well. The record is strongly recommended.

Wagner: *Ich sah'das Kind* from *Parsifal* and *Isolde's Liebestod* (Frida Leider and the L.S.O. conducted by John Barbirolli). On these two sides it is possible to obtain an idea of the varied dramatic gifts of this singer. In neither is she anything but adequate, though that word does not tell more than the half. Her singing is splendid in both excerpts.

Vocal (with Pianoforte)

H.M.V.—Brahms: *Three songs* (Elena Gerhardt). 'Feldeinsamkeit' starts badly, the accompanist, having begun, is made to slacken for the entry of the voice, the voice itself uncertain, having begun, whither to move. 'Nachtigall' goes more easily. 'Ständchen' is much 'treated,' but on the whole it is the best of the three.

Brahms: *Two songs* (Sigrid Onegin). 'Von ewiger Liebe' and 'Ruhe Süßliebchen.' In some ways Mme. Onegin's voice seems hardly forceful enough for the first of these. Yet the impression remains of great singing and the most sensitive interpretation. The second song is incomparably sung.

Elgar: *Two songs* (Keith Falkner). The voice comes through perfectly. For the rest: Buy British.

Richard Strauss: *Two songs* (Dusolina Giannini). For one listener this record is the most exquisite of all noticed here. The songs are

'Zueignung' and 'Allerseelen.' Near the end of the latter there is a moment of hurry. Otherwise great dignity and ease.

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H.M.V.—Corelli: *La Folia* (Yehudi Menuhin). This is the finest mastery. The richness of tone is extraordinary and the downrightness of manner mingled with a strange sensitiveness is very moving. A record not to be missed.

Debussy: *Sonata for violin and pianoforte* (Cortot and Thibaud). A performance suited to the work absolutely. An admirable piece of recording. The playing strikes one as being very just.

Sc. G.

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